

MARCH 2, 1945



The Sign

National Catholic Magazine



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By John C. O'Brien

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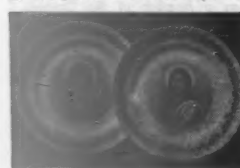
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LETTERS



"Public Power and You"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I heartily congratulate you on having the courage to publish "Public Power and You," by John P. Callahan, in the February issue of THE SIGN.

The public should ever be on guard against the socialistic inroads of government-in-business; as the Sovereign Pontiff has warned, Socialism is today an ever-present danger.

FRANCIS SCHWARZENBERGER

Yonkers, N.Y.

"It Could be Your Home"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Watch that list of areas grow under the last paragraph of the article, "It Could Be Your Home," in the February, 1951, issue of your magazine. Right this minute add Lancaster, N.Y., Depew, N. Y., Elma, N.Y., Buffalo, N.Y., and Pennsylvania. Pictures of Our Lady of Fatima, as well as statues, are in use here. Many parishes have found the plan of the hostess having Our Lady in for the week with the Rosary and Litany to the Immaculate Heart of Mary every evening from Monday through Friday at seven or seven-fifteen o'clock a very workable one. Neighbors from blocks around come in. "Dates" with Our Lady of Fatima are scheduled months ahead and have been since she began her home visits in February of last year. We do hope this adding to your list will encourage more letters. It would be a wonderful way of finding out just how far the devotion has spread.

A READER

Lancaster, N.Y.

"High Adventure"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Sister Philip's story, "High Adventure," was one of the finest stories that I have read in a long, long time. I hope that all Catholic parents will read it, especially those who are afraid to give their daughter to God. We need more literature on this subject, as the Church in America is desperately in need of more vocations. If more articles and even stories were written like "High Adventure," perhaps we might be able to convince some parents that a life in a convent as a spouse of Christ is a beautiful and a very happy life. Their daughters will not have a mere fickle human being as a spouse but the everloving Son of God. Congratulations to Sister Philip.

SACERDOS

Baltimore, Md.

Woman to Woman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I reply to Katherine Burton's "Why Retire?" in the January issue of THE SIGN. There are many childless married women in business, 60 years of age and younger, whose husbands are also employed and who are more hungry for money and the pleasures of this life than they are for raising families.

These women, whether they be 60 or 30 years old, are depriving youth of lucrative positions in business. What's the use of parents educating their offspring if they are going to be "kept down" because of the seniority rights of married women? How about it, Katherine Burton?

WILLIAM J. FLEMING

Chicago, Ill.

Bigotry

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The Bigotry series has been very enlightening, and you are to be congratulated for obtaining the services of such excellent writers as Fathers Parsons and Kennedy.

D. GILLMAN

New York, N.Y.

Picture Article

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was very interested to read THE SIGN Picture Article, "Pakistan Today," in the November issue. The pictorial story depicts unusually varied aspects of life in Karachi today.

An error crept in, however, when the population of Pakistan is mentioned as seventeen millions instead of eighty millions. As the captions of the pictures are so very appropriate, this error could only have been due to inadvertence and I am, therefore, taking the liberty of drawing your attention to it.

MOHAMMAD HUSSAIN

Karachi, Pakistan.

Editorial

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The editorial in the December issue of THE SIGN—"Our European Friends"—lacks good taste and factual correctness.

At a time when we in Britain are being urged to refrain from unfriendly criticisms of America and American affairs, I take exception to your assumption of authority—to your capability even—in discussing Britain's internal domestic affairs and especially in referring to certain of these affairs as "failings."

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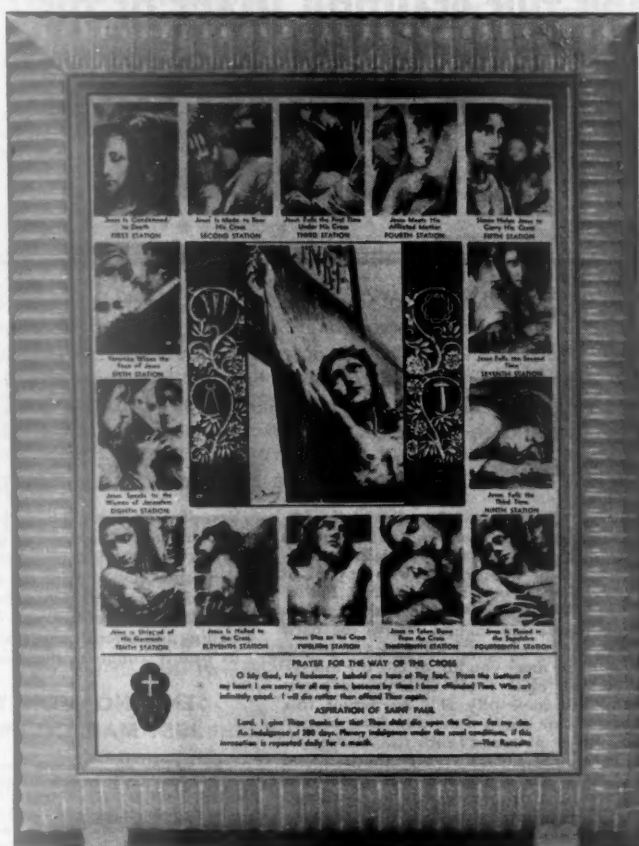
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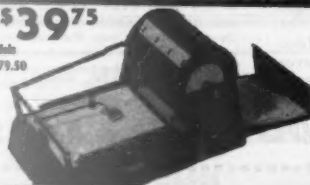
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You are quite wrong in saying that we have been taking advantage of Uncle Sam's prodigality in squandering national resources on socialization schemes; the money for the nationalization of various projects in the United Kingdom has come from the pockets and the earnings of Britons. And, anyhow, whether or not the resources used on nationalization have been squandered is a question to be decided by the British people. It was made clear at the commencement of Marshall Aid that no American money would be employed in the building of our domestic schemes. Incidentally, I would point out that since the editorial has been written, it has been decided that through hard work and sacrifice Britain will be in the position to carry on without Marshall Aid as from January, 1951, and this after two years of the agreed four-year program.

With reference to your suggestions re the supply of materials to the Reds by Britain, one can only counter by suggesting to you that greater attention be paid to the statements of one Calvin Bonawitz (see THE SIGN, same issue, page 9), and, if possible, reference to our Parliamentary "Hansard" be made where it will be found that this question was debated and satisfactory conclusions and remedies were obtained in the House of Commons.

Your editorial was high-handed (this is excusable in that it was primarily meant for patriotic Americans to read) and leaves a nasty taste in a British mouth. We naturally like and enjoy the friendship of neighbors but we just hate their trying to keep house for us.

Incidentally, I think THE SIGN is a tip-top magazine.

PATRICK E. BRADSHAW

Gravesend, Kent

Better than Best

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

When it comes to food I am easily satisfied with the plain ordinary dish and service, but not so when it comes to food for the mind and soul served between the covers of a magazine. There I prefer the select and savory dish, selected and prepared by and under the watchful eye of a master chef. THE SIGN furnishes that kind of a dish.

Being a writer myself—a rather poor one, of course—I can sit down and lap up an unusual quantity of its contents, which seem to stick an unusual length of time. THE SIGN is not the best, it's better than the best.

O. S. WOLFE

Rochester, N. Y.

Scientific Thoughts

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A short reply to Mrs. George K. Hunter's letter in the January issue.

So electrical brains can think! Mr. George Hunter, at least, thinks so, according to his letter in the January issue. Oh, brother, what next? The prevalence of these "Popular Mechanics" philosophers is a most unfortunate and distressing indication of the intellectual invalidism and gullibility that is rampant today.

Now Mr. Hunter may or may not be familiar with the electrical computers—on (Continued on page 79)

THE SIGN

The Sign

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Editor's page

Policy for Peace

W E AMERICANS are being told that in the conduct of foreign affairs we are undiplomatic, unwise, emotional, contradictory, hypocritical, impulsive, immature, brash. We are diplomatic apprentices, subject to mass hysteria, guilty of an unrealistic approach to world problems and an inept handling of delicate situations.

What it boils down to is this: we Americans want to do something, our critics want to talk; we are taking the lead in attempting to get something done, our critics want us to follow their lead down that old dead-end street, appeasement alley.

This is something we can really get our teeth into. The record is there for all to see, and it is recent enough for many of us to remember. To our way of thinking, the Western democracies—supposedly so adept at diplomacy—don't come off well at all, judged by the record.

World War II had its beginning in the "Manchurian Incident" of September, 1931. In that moment Japan showed her hand. In the face of this beginning of aggression what did our advisers of today do? Nothing at all. As our then Secretary of State said long afterward, "I was living in a world where all my troubles came from the same thing . . . where we are constantly shut in by the timidity of governments making certain great decisions. . . . I said the time had come when somebody has got to show some guts." When nothing was done, Japan knew she had an open door to aggression in Asia and she moved on step by step to inevitable war.

Five years later, Hitler marched Nazi troops into the demilitarized Rhineland. A few British or French divisions could have chased him out and clipped his wings for good. What happened? A little protesting and diplomatic wailing on the part of those who would now teach us how to deal with Stalin. Hitler sensed immediately that he had to do with men of words and not of action, and he went on from one aggression to another. Meanwhile, Chamberlain and Daladier wrung their hands, protested feebly, rushed back and forth across Europe to present themselves as humble suppliants before the Fuehrer, to hear

from his lips the lie they wanted to hear—that he sought only peace—so that they could proclaim to the world the success of negotiation, compromise, appeasement.

Surely we've had enough of that. Surely we've learned one thing at least—that appeasement is useless. In dealing with dictators, there comes a time when compromise and negotiation are wasted effort except when backed by the threat of military action. Hitler taught us that lesson once. Some of our friends seem to have forgotten it. It would be an awful shame if Stalin had to teach them and us all over again.

O UR allies are for the most part weak and discouraged and frightened. After all, they do offer a much closer target for Russian atom bombs than we do. They did suffer much more horribly from the recent war than we did. Their cities lie nearer to Soviet military concentrations. They are not yet convinced that they can resist the Reds even with our help. A friend just returned from abroad told the writer of talking with a big Catholic publisher in Western Europe who won't stock books on Communism lest they be found in his possession when the Reds come through. Such views are widespread.

If ever Secretary Stimson's words were true, they are true today. The time has come "when somebody has got to show some guts," and if we don't nobody will. We have to give leadership and help. Above all, we must provide a leadership that will block appeasement, that will draw our allies away from the fatal policies of the 1930's, and that will convince the Kremlin that we are prepared to go beyond mere words if necessary. Only such a policy can lead to peace.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Religious News Service

Skier stops at wayside shrine built by a farmer in the Laurentian Mts. of Quebec. This display of faith presents a remarkable contrast to the picture below.



International

Catholic War Vets in N. Y. picket the blasphemous film, "The Miracle." Result? So-called "Liberals" call Church dictatorial for objecting to their spitting at God.

GENERAL George C. Marshall first proposed compulsory peace-time military training in September of 1944, and he has been a stalwart crusader for it ever since. At that time

Universal Military Service and Training

we opposed the plan as being untimely and unnecessary, and therefore undesirable. The reasons we gave were, in summary, that, though it was being argued that compulsory training was necessary for maintaining peace and security, as a matter of fact the experience of Europe has proved the contrary—it has bred wars; it is an innovation in American life fraught with so much danger that other less drastic means to insure peace should be sought first. As an alternative to universal conscription we urged the expansion of our peace-time military forces on a voluntary recruitment basis made more attractive.

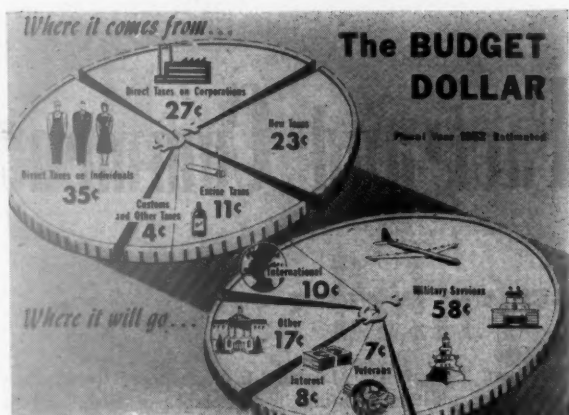
In 1944 we maintained that the United States should not be stampeded into adopting universal military training and service until the need for it has been demonstrated beyond reasonable question. That still seems to be a sound principle in 1951.

Now the only way to evaluate the need is to analyze the facts. Under the present Selective Service Act, all young men between eighteen and twenty-five inclusive—a total of some 10,000,000—are registered. Those in this group who have reached nineteen are eligible for the draft and twenty-one months' service. However, because of deferments (essential workers, married men, and men with dependents) and exemptions (3,500,000 World War II veterans) and disability (about 2,600,000 physically or mentally unfit), the draft pool actually amounts to only some 1,000,000 men. Thousands of these are already in some branch of the armed services. Consequently, some source of manpower must be opened up if our military force is to be maintained at the 3,462,000 goal set by President Truman for July 1.

The Administration's plan to solve this shortage of manpower is to overhaul the whole draft system and to incorporate into it universal compulsory military training and service as a source of steady, systematic inflow of trained men into the armed forces. The plan contemplates the induction and training of all youths once they reach eighteen. The length of their service would be twenty-seven months. About 75,000, once basic training was completed, would go on "suspended" service while completing college training in studies of "national interest." Another 50,000 of those on active duty would be sent to college for specialized schooling of "direct value to the military." It is estimated that from each year's batch of eighteen-year-olds 150,000 to 200,000 will be unfit for military duty. These could be put to "some work."

Should conditions eventually permit, the length of service would be reduced from twenty-seven months. But it would be a permanent United States policy to give men four to six months of basic military training at the age of eighteen.

It would seem to us that Administration spokesmen are



Remember the old song, "That's where my money goes?" The chart above shows that it's not "to buy your baby's clothes," but to build an army for Uncle Sam.



Some of 200,000 Jap. Police Reserves learning to use American weapons. Japan is co-operating with us and should be allowed an army to ward off Red invasion.



A police force for West Germany, but an army? Perhaps. We feel as Mr. McCloy—it is difficult to tell a man he can't share in the defense of his own country.

proving too much. They are making it evident that universal military service and training is *not* essential to solve the armed-forces manpower shortage. Rather it would seem that the manpower problem is being used as a pretext to foist upon the country a policy of compulsory service alien to our every tradition. And all the fuss over drafting of eighteen-year-olds serves only to becloud the real issue.

The job of Selective Service is to provide a pool large enough to maintain a force of some 3,500,000 men in the years ahead. It is admitted that currently the pool is large enough to supply an armed force of that size by July 1 and still have 400,000 more eligible for the draft under present rules. Each month about 60,000 fit men become nineteen and consequently enter the pool. Selective Service estimates it will have to induct almost 100,000 men a month in a year or two in order to keep up military strength.

In other words, there is a shortage potentially of some 40,000 men a month a year or two hence. In order to make up that shortage, the Administration is asking that all the 1,050,000 youths who turn eighteen each year be inducted for training and service. If only 800,000 of these are fit for military duty, remember the balance of them would be put to "some work." If one little boy needs castor oil, then insist that all little boys take castor oil too.

Apart from a few thoroughbred military men who glorify rigorous discipline for its own sake, there are few Americans who do not genuinely abhor the inevitable effects of any system of peacetime conscription: government interference with personal freedom, the regimentation of young lives, the exposure to moral dangers, the engendering of a militaristic mentality, and the sizable drain upon the national economy. But even these disadvantages, great as they are, could be tolerated if it were evident that permanent universal military service and training are necessary.

That necessity has not yet been demonstrated.

TRADITIONALLY, even among only nominal Christians, Lent is a time of penance and sacrifice looking toward redemption. For the world cannot forget that its redemption was won in

A Program for Lent

the supreme sacrifice of a Young Man who laid down His life one afternoon in a long-ago spring. Nor can the world ever quite forget that the one sacrifice He has demanded of His followers is to love God enough to do deeds of justice and charity to others at the expense of self. There is not one of us who does not need to ponder this well. For extra acts of private devotion and the abstention from cigarettes and bonbons are scarcely the sort of Lenten sacrifice that is sufficient in this year of grim outlook.

Labor, especially organized labor, can do a lot of worthwhile Lenten thinking on the deeds of justice and charity at personal cost that lie within its power. In a spirit of sacrifice for the common good of our nation in peril it can refrain from making the wage freeze a thawed-out mess. It can stop emulating the selfish irresponsibility of those on management's side of the table who don't give a snap of their fingers for stabilization of the economy so long as bigger business profits can be maneuvered.

Not only big business but many a small business can do a little Lenten penance of its own by genuinely attempting to keep prices in check. Farmers and their bloc in Congress could do hardly anything better as a Lenten sacrifice than to destroy that sacred concept, "parity." Food prices are climbing because no ceiling price below parity can be put on produce at the farm level. That means, for example, that before parity is reached, eggs can go up 21 per cent; potatoes, 80 per cent; chickens, 25 per cent; oranges, 200 per cent. Right now, according to the Office of Price Stabilization, seventy-seven items of food are below parity. And remember,

food accounts for 40 per cent of the average family budget.

The world menace today is selfish materialism that is cutting man off from God and setting him at his fellow man's throat. Only a strong spiritual renewal can save the world. But that renewal must start with each individual. If only one butcher, only one baker, only one candlestick maker sacrifices his selfish chances, he may be counted a fool. But then, so was that other Man who died pretty much alone that first Good Friday. Sometimes it's better, eternally better, to be out of step with the mob.

THE CASE of the Brooklyn pastor, Dr. John Howard Melish, has heated up again, and its fumes have attracted a few thousand civil liberties watchdogs. This is the case which

Melish, Supreme Court, and 2,576 Friends

Trinity P. E. Church in Brooklyn.

The ecclesiastical scuffle was waged over Melish's son and assistant, Rev. William Howard Melish, at that time President of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, cited as a Communist front by various loyalty groups.

By December 28, 1950, Melish had nursed his case through lower jurisdictions to the U. S. Supreme Court.

At this point, with their typical repertoire of humanitarian gasps and snorts, the crusaders of liberalism scurried to haul their armor out of the wardrobe and saddle their chargers. On January 11, 2,576 of them—all clergymen—signed a petition to the Supreme Court, asking to appear as a friend of the Court in behalf of Melish.

As you would suspect, their statement sounds like the same old record, on the same old phonograph, accenting all the old cracks and scratches. "Struggle for freedom and justice," "First Amendment," "cornerstones of our democracy," "direct violation by the civil authority of the religious liberty guaranteed by that Amendment," "threatens religious freedom in our nation," "A clear reiteration of the demarcation between church and state is needed."

Just as—at moments like this—their old hit songs come back to them, ours come back to us.

First, there is our conviction that this type of freedom-fan is willing to permit every institution in the world to be efficient, except religion. A sour old atheist could have a neighbor injunctioned from practicing on a trumpet in a Flatbush apartment, and these Ministers of God probably wouldn't blink. But when a bishop calls in the law to protect the corporation rights of a church, these churchmen are shocked into a frenzy of civic indignation.

They will allow a soap company to fire its president. They will allow Mr. Truman to replace Alan Valentine as Economic Stabilization Administrator. But they will not allow the Protestant Episcopal Church to exclude a party-line preacher from its pulpits. We cannot see it. We believe that religion has as much right to protect itself as business firms or the United States Government.

Secondly, we suspect that these sensitive patriots are not interested in real civil liberty. They are interested in forcing the American civil system into a mold of their own choosing, by a process of judicial definition.

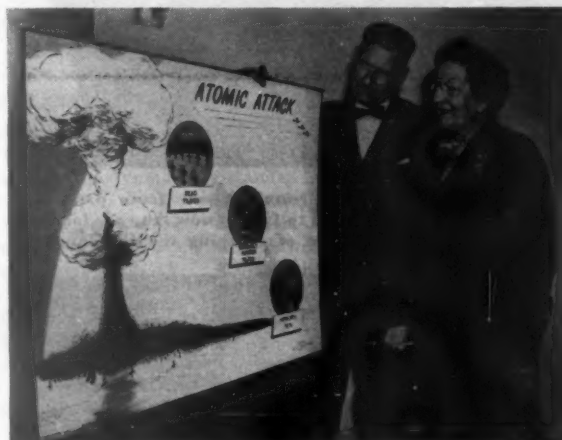
In this Melish case, for instance, they want to make the civil law work *for* a man who would not keep the rules and *against* a man who performed a perfectly legal act of administration. That is not civil liberty. It is civil discrimination. It is pro-Melish and anti-de Wolfe. In a sense, it is pro-anarchy and anti-order.

Most of these would-be friends of the court are non-Episcopalians. Some of them are from Congregational Churches whose belief about the function of a bishop differs

March, 1951



Moscow's Tsarapkin and Poland's Katz-Suchy refused to brand Red China an aggressor. Little wonder—to them an aggressor is any nation that resists Red invasion.



In Baltimore, Civil Defense Administrator and assistant look over chart of A-Bomb destruction. Despite all warnings people still think it can't happen here.



Red China was finally branded an aggressor. Jebb of Britain, Rau of India, and Dune of Norway talk it over. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names . . ."



Two pictures of people running away from paradise? These white Russians fled to China, now they are landing at San Francisco in hope of escaping the Red Armies.



In Korea a Sister leads little orphans to safety as the Red armies approach. Maybe our liberals and pinks can explain why decent people flee from the Reds?

radically from that of Episcopalians. Probably other forms of non-Episcopal belief are represented also. We cannot see why these religious aliens should be permitted to determine the proprieties of Episcopal practice and the extent to which the Episcopal organization needs and should receive the ordinary protection of the law.

A third thought is this: Petitions and signatures mean nothing. Until we know exactly who the signers are and what their personal ideals are, a petition must be accepted as a paper which a previous inscription has made unsuitable for further inditement.

Even the number, 2,576. Pretty meager, when you consider the millions who signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal. And few good Americans would claim that even such vastly superior numbers rescued that document from disrepute.

You could get 2,576 signatures to a petition for the gassing of all citizens over eighty, provided you guaranteed a tidy and thoroughly genteel job. With a little propaganda to soften up their better judgment, you could get that many names to a resolution to disinter the bones of George Washington and dump them into the Potomac.

Like every organization, the Episcopal Church has its own rules. If an Episcopalian doesn't want to follow the rules, he should get out. We have little sympathy for anybody who wants a society to revise itself to fit him into it. We have less sympathy for 2,576 clergymen—mostly non-Episcopalians—who want to dictate through the Supreme Court how an Episcopalian Bishop must run his own diocese.

RECENT hearings before the Federal Communications Commission developed some interesting points of view concerning education via TV. There was a question of reserving TV channels for cultural purposes.

TV: Business vs. Culture

Educators wanted 25 per cent of the remaining channels assigned to education. Authorities representing broadcasters and networks fought this high percentage of reservation, some protesting any reservation at all.

Their reason: educators have failed in the past to make efficient use of the radio facilities they had. They suggested that spectrum bands be licensed to commercial operators, and that educators buy whatever broadcast time they desire.

Certainly no television viewer would want channels reserved for education and then sloppily used. Few viewers would want too high a percentage of stations reserved for education even if their performance was technically "tops." For, like all art media, television has its primary and predominant appeal as entertainment.

As for commercial operators fearing that educators would lay a lot of television eggs—well, commercial stations can be pretty prolific that way too. TV owners are not universally thrilled by the visual hucksterism of commercial TV, with its operatic oranges and cavorting beer cans. They are about fed up with male ballerinas and with the naked bosoms that sneak the burlesque stage right into the parlor for Junior's edification.

Commercial TV doesn't look too bright when, on the same program, commercials compete so frantically with entertainment that they practically push it off the air and grab the viewer by the shirt front.

That should not happen to education. We would not like to see commercial contracts push education off the visual "air," or kick it under the schedule rug where nobody can find it, or make it bid against the oil industry for a spot where it would have half a chance.

If 25 per cent of the remaining bands is too much for education, 100 per cent is probably too much for the commercials. How about something in between?

Education is rather important.

In Defense of Women

Are women as bad as they are pictured—even
in the women's magazines? If their critics are
telling the truth, Heaven help us all, men and women alike

by MILTON LOMASK

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS



WITHIN the last decade, our leading magazines have published close to five hundred articles dedicated to the proposition that this country cannot long survive half male and half female.

The female half must either mend its ways or resign from society. The ladies have gone sour. They are the rotten apples in the barrel of humanity. Scratch any contemporary evil and you find a woman underneath. Her right hand may rock the cradle, but her left breeds depressions, foments war, and writes singing commercials. She is greedy and sentimental, brainless and heartless, fractious and spoiled. She emasculates her sons, frustrates her daughters, and drives her husband to infidelity, hypertension, and the neighborhood bar. Sleekly gowned, pungently perfumed, glossed by Rubenstein, nurtured by charm schools, and sealed by *Good Housekeeping*, she is a thing of beauty—and a pain forever, for her smile is an invitation to disaster and her heart is a dollar bill! . . . So rumbles the attack on American womanhood in America's favorite magazines.

It is not confined to the men's magazines. "Mother Racket . . ." runs a headline in *Woman's Home Companion*. "The Trouble with Men Is Women," smirks the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The girls are being sold short by their own friends, by those magazines which are written for them, edited for them, and loaded with beauty hints and advertisements aimed at gorging the ego and

loosening the purse strings of Woman The Great Consumer.

Some articles are merely angry, some merely humorous, some provocative. But most have two things in common: They are written by men and they are one-sided. The men are not saying *some* women are guilty of this or that deficiency. They are saying *all* . . . With the same petulance that Philip Wylie nine years ago barked, "Gentlemen, Mom is a jerk," writer after writer today proclaims, "Gentlemen, woman is to blame for everything!"

What have we here? A trend? Apparently so. Its significance comes to light when the attitude toward women in today's magazines is compared with that of Grandfather's day. Grandfather was relatively secure in his maleness, relatively confident of his ability to function satisfactorily as husband, breadwinner, and father. He could afford to take the Little Woman's faults in stride, to forgive her trespasses as she forgave his. For the record he proclaimed her "sugar and spice and everything nice"—and winked as he said it.

Grandfather's remarks on woman were dull. But it is submitted that grandfather's dullness was preferable to grandson's viciousness. Grandson is not so secure in his maleness, not so sure of his ability to assume the responsibilities of homemaking. He looks about at an empty, material culture to which he has contributed just as much as the Little Woman. Baffled and afraid, he lashes out

in an effort to find someone to blame. In Grandfather's day it was Woman the Wife, Woman the Mother, Woman the "Ministering Angel." Today it is Woman the Scapegoat! When the recent magazine attacks on women are laid end to end, they measure the depth of modern man's sense of failure.

The magazine attacks skitter out on many limbs. American woman is damned if she does, damned if she doesn't. She is too much the career woman, too much housewife, or just too much. Sometimes she is all these things and more in one article. Any attempt to segregate her critics into schools of thought falls down for the reason that the boys aren't thinking, they're sputtering. In Grandfather's day, cattiness was a function of whist parties and sewing bees. But hearken to Grandson:

"I . . . came out, once, in favor of letting women eat at the same table with the men folks," writes Robert Ruark in a recent *Esquire*. "Time has proved me wrong. The initial mistake was made in treating women like people. We did them no favor when we allowed them the rights and privileges of the male . . . Crammed with propaganda and still giddy from political emancipation, Madame Housewife has got entirely too big for her panty girdle."

Paul Gallico registers his reactions in *Collier's*. "For sheer, unadulterated boorishness and total lack of gentle comportment, sweet demeanor, and human

consideration," he fumes, "the average American woman takes the jelly roll." City girls Mr. Gallico writes off as impossible. The "country gal," he concedes, "still retains a smidgen of something known as 'neighborliness' which assays 90 per cent snooping and 10 per cent desire to be helpful."

Leland Stowe, deserting for the moment the manly function of political commentator, enters his report based on observing women in five continents. As condensed in *Reader's Digest*, he regrets (he says) to have to say that American women are more self-centered, spoiled, aggressive, restless, bored, and expensive than any other women on earth.

"In the process of aping men," mourns Stowe, "American women have become increasingly less feminine . . . No other women spend such enormous amounts of money on beauty treatments, coiffures, and uplifts . . . But if they were as feminine as they ought to be would they feel the need of making such efforts to get that way?"

In the austere pages of the *American Mercury*, Waverly Root declares that women "are intellectually inferior," and gleefully quotes an enterprising woman researcher to the effect that "from the dawn of history to the present day, less than one thousand women have accomplished anything that history has regarded as worth while."

What fun the boys are having! They've got the ladies up a tree (they think) and how they are howling!

BUT what's behind the noise? The writer put this question to Boston's well-known Catholic psychiatrist, Dr. Frederick J. P. Rosenheim. His answer: "Read between the lines."

"Very often," he pointed out, "an article of wholesale condemnation reveals more about the writer than about the object of his attack. Perhaps the writer has some emotional conflict, some feeling of inadequacy. He may suffer, for example, or thinks he suffers at the hands of his wife, so he lambasts all women. His method is to make half-truth look like truth, to turn a molehill of fact into a mountain of opinion. Whenever you read an attack that generalizes on the basis of a few facts, ask yourself: What's eating this writer, what's he trying to get off his chest?"

A favorite device among magazine women-baiters is the comparative or international approach. There was a rash of this sort of thing after World War II. Declared a headline in the *American Magazine* for January 1946:

"An army sergeant who fought in Europe risks his life again by frankly comparing foreign women with American girls."

Then followed the lament of Sergeant John P. Dolch. The sergeant claimed to speak for overseas veterans generally. His authority: Thousands of barracks-room bull sessions in England and France, Italy and North Africa. Foreign girls, said spokesman Dolch, have better voices. American girls are "too high-pitched, harsh, and twangy." English girls, he said, are more simple and genuine; the French more resourceful and subtle.

When you meet your American date for the evening, said Dolch, her first remark is "Where you taking me?" or a crisp comment on the political situation. The European girl brings you your slippers, and sits, listens, and adores. Foreign women were "more womanly . . . they regard themselves as completely different from males" and "we've found it is nice for women to be women!"

In the *New York Times Magazine* for March 10, 1946, Sergeant Victor Dallaire, equally conversant with overseas barracks-room Gallup Polls, accused American women of immaturity, coldness, and shabby values. "Since returning to the

return, of working and saving toward that end."

An "irate New York man" put the sergeant straight on another point: "Undoubtedly the American woman is a frozen potato, but her dumb male mates are to blame . . . Men make the laws and social customs, or acquiesce in them, and icy brass babes are what they demand, acquiesce in—and have!"

An American woman who had spent three years in a Japanese military prison, and one who had lost her husband and two sons in the war, scolded the sergeant more in sorrow than in anger. And a very pretty girl, judging by the picture accompanying her letter, hoped that "the ex-G.I. author doesn't advocate a return to the old European custom of hitching women to plows. I've been married to him for the past ten years!"

HIGH padishah of the Society for the Prevention of Women is Philip Wylie, magazine writer, novelist, and sportsman. In 1942 Wylie made the best-seller lists with his book *Generation of Vipers*. By his own admission this tome fired the opening gun in the battle for the emancipation of the American male.

Its thesis was that all Americans are vipers, but women are more viper, and women with children are most viper. The American "Mom," stormed Wylie, is the root of all evil. In his vivid lexicon, sparked by a small-boy passion for behind-the-barn verbiage, Mom is "the thundering third sex," a creature of "hot flashes, rage, infantilism, weeping, sentimentality . . . and all the ragged reticule of tricks, wooings, wiles . . . crotchets, superstitions, phlegms, debilities, vapors, butterflies-in-the-belly, complaints, connivings, cries, malingerings, deceptions, visions, hallucinations, needlings and wheedlings, which pop out of every personality in the act of abandoning itself and humanity." (Mr. Wylie is nothing if not a student of Roget's *Thesaurus*.)

His attack on Mom put *Generation of Vipers* on the map, and knowing a good thing when he saw it, Mr. Wylie has returned to the charge. His blast at Mom has become an annual event, now appearing in some popular magazine like *Look*, now in such respectable journals as the *Saturday Review of Literature*. As the years go on, Mr. Wylie grows more hysterical. Mom, he recently discovered, nearly lost us World War II. The three million 4-F's who flunked the army physical did so because of—Mom! The implication is that the ten million who passed came into the world by spontan-



Gramps was secure in his maleness

U. S.," sorrowed Dallaire, "I have listened to more beefs about lack of nylons than I heard from European women over the destruction of their homes and the slaughter of their husbands and sons."

Dallaire's remarks brought a torrent of letters. Most were from women, and 85 per cent called him names strong even for a sergeant. A "proud American wife" reported that she had "worked with women of all ages during the war" and that "their patriotism, their sincerity, and intelligence were beyond reproach. Almost all had responsibilities outside their jobs, yet the talk was all of letters to their men, plans for their

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter on the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, and now a freelance writer, has published articles and book reviews in many leading periodicals.

cous combustion, or having been born in the accepted fashion were promptly detached from their apron strings and brought up exclusively by all-wise Pops!

Reading between Mr. Wylie's chromium-plated lines, one gets the impression that in the beginning he meant to be amusing, but that over the years he has been captured by his own inanity and now speaks in dead earnest. If so, he has not labored in vain. In the minds of thousands of dimwits, knaves, runners-away-from-responsibility, and just plain silly people, Philip Wylie has succeeded in making Mom the great bogey of our day! In Dr. Rosenheim's words, what's eating him, what's he getting off his chest? "Why Momism?" asks the doctor. "Why not Sonism or Daughterism? Blaming everything on Mom is convenient, but hardly in line with the facts."

Mr. Wylie's blast-furnace style is typical of popular treatises on Woman the So-and-So. The average critique is one part scratch, one part nail-biting, and one part generalization. No doubt the generalization is the hardest to bear, for women, like everyone else these days must be getting tired of being totaled up and subtracted, added, divided, and multiplied by hordes of survey-makers bent on demonstrating the undemonstrable.

Hardly anyone is arguing with the boys, least of all the ladies. The ladies rarely reply. This is not due to any lack of women scribblers or to any shortage of competence among them. It is probably due to their innate good sense. Why refute the ridiculous?

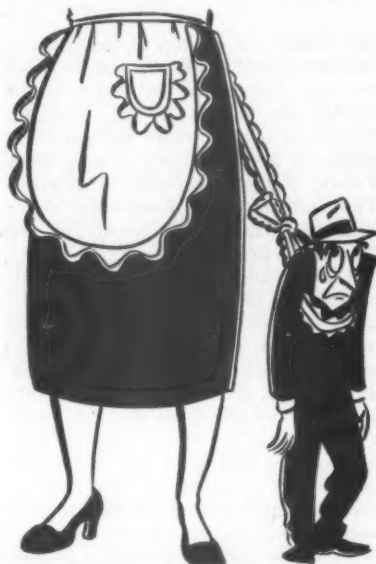
Occasionally one of the girls is irked to the point of seizing her nib. The resulting article is usually tit for tat, taking the position that ours is a man-made culture and that women behave according to men's specifications. "Mom," writes Estelle Aubrey Brown in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "was conceived of male cant" and is the product of "baby-kissing politicians, radio's treacle of sex, advertisements using her nearly naked body to sell perfume, lobbyists whose itching palms gave us Mother's Day, and secular education teaching only survival values."

THE sober truth is that charges against women are never true of all women, as the writers usually claim, but only of some. They are never true of women only, but of mankind, of men and women.

In our cockeyed society, it is difficult for a woman to be a woman. She is not encouraged along that line. Only in the religious press is she praised for doing what she was born to do. The hallelujahs of the secular press are reserved for women channel swimmers, business executives, tennis players, novel writers,

and glamour girls divorcing their way from mink to chinchilla. Rarely in the standard press are women lauded for being good wives and mothers. Higher than these positions they cannot go, for there are no higher positions on earth. Lower they must go, much lower, to receive the kudos of the public prints.

Many women, to their credit, know these kudos are mockery. A year or so ago the members of the graduating class of one of our most sophisticated girls' colleges were asked what they hoped to



"Mom" has ruined the poor male

make of their lives. Eighty per cent voted for home, husband, and children, full time, and for keeps. Not long back *Fortune* magazine asked a cross section of men and women whether wives, who do not need the money, should take jobs outside the home. Overwhelmingly men and women answered no.

One of the persistent myths today is that the drudgery has been taken out of the home. It is part of the larger myth holding that the fundamentals of living can be abrogated by equal applications of science and industry. It is sheer flapdoodle. Drudgery will not go out of the home until children go out of it. And that has not happened yet, although the learned authors of the book, *Modern Woman, The Lost Sex*, contend that more and more American mothers are viewing children as "a bother and a nuisance," a tendency supported by the observations of the writer's parish priest. Father John A. Silvia has been pastor of the church at Provincetown, Mass., for twenty-five years. Summer in and summer out, he talks with women visiting the famous Cape Cod playground from all over the country. And his sad reflection is that "many mothers now

are confused as to how much time to give their homes as against how much they should give to ever-increasing and ever more meaningless outside distractions."

This is not the place to dilate on these disconcerting and unmeasurable trends. The point is that modern woman is up against it. Many must be wives and mothers and breadwinners all in one. They must perform as mothers and wives in a society which does not value these functions properly.

A sizable percentage of them must enter marriage with fingers crossed. Reared in an aura of religious indifference, they must embark on a glorious but difficult enterprise unsupported by the knowledge that marriage is a sacrament.

As mothers, they are hounded by this school of child specialists or by that. One year they are commanded to ignore their kids, the next to coddle them. In, the midst of doing their darnedest as wives and mothers, masculine feminists and feminine males inform them that these are secondary occupations and that they should promptly go on the stage, or paint pictures, or take up spot welding so as to express themselves!

PROGRESSIVE education renders their children precocious and ignorant, Blue Sky ad agencies badger their husbands with the incessant marching order to make more of themselves, to create better mousetraps in bigger forests, and keep up with the Joneses. A few months ago the air was fetid with one of the most shocking radio commercials in the history of that shocking industry. Highly paid "name" educators and psychologists were telling the mothers of America that their children *must* have television. "A television set is to the morale of your child" (this is verbatim) "what vitamins and fresh air are to his health!"

Deviled by this sort of Big Lie, baffled by uncertainty as to their place in the scheme of things, the wonder is not that so many American women keep their decency, but that they keep their sanity! It is to their credit that thousands of American wives and mothers are still doing a good job at the same old stand in the same old way!

A society that does not value women as women, does not value men as men either. Modern man is also confused, as witness the sewing circle flavor of his attacks on the other sex. It is not women alone, but men and women, who have been misled by what John Dos Passos calls those "five- and ten-cent lusts and dreams" which are to our secular culture what mirages are to the Sahara.

Man's cry, "Woman, you are lost," is a cry of pain. For truly he and she are lost together.

WEAPON AGAINST RUSSIA

Not a super atom bomb nor a powerful jet plane, but the principle of self-determination for miscalled Russians is the weapon to beat the Kremlin

by LEONARD J. SNOW

THE United States has available today a weapon which can beat the evil men in the Kremlin to their knees, save the world from the menace of Red imperialism, and bring political and spiritual freedom to the slave population of the Soviet Empire itself. Best of all, use of this weapon may very well bring all these blessings without precipitating the horrors of a third world war.

For this weapon is neither a super atom bomb nor a powerful jet plane of new design. In fact, it is not a weapon of mass destruction at all but a long overlooked principle of simple justice which, properly applied, can be of immense benefit, not alone to this country and its allies, but also to the inhabitants of the Soviet Union.

The weapon is the principle of national self-determination, which gives each distinctive people in the world the right to live as a free nation, under a government of its own choice, and within the territory it inhabits. If self-determination were applied to the crazy-quilt pattern of different races and nations which make up the population of the Soviet Union, at least two dozen, perhaps more, independent states would replace the single giant Communist slave empire that exists today.

The "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" and "Russia" are neither synonyms nor equivalent terms, although most Americans use them interchangeably. Actually, of course, the Soviet Union, as the name indicates, is a federation of many nations and peoples, of which the group known as the Russians is the largest. But one basic fact that the name does not indicate is that the federation is an involuntary one, produced by Russian conquest over a period of hundreds of years, and not by the free choice of the federated peoples. As a matter of fact, about half the present population of the Soviet Union—that half of the 200,000,000 inhabitants who are ethnologically non-Russian—is anxious to cast off its connection with Moscow.

Among these non-Russians are from thirty-five to forty million Ukrainians

and about ten million Byelo-Russians, who are related to the Russians to about the same degree that the Dutch or the Swedes are related to the Germans. There are fifty or more million other people in Stalin's empire—among them Tatars, Buryat Mongols, Armenians, Turkestanians, and Finns—who differ from the Russians as greatly as the Chinese do from the French.

If the United States, which has always firmly refused to recognize territorial changes produced by aggression and conquest, comes out bluntly as an advocate of self-determination for these minorities in the Soviet Union, it will gain their sympathy in the cold war. If the cold war becomes a shooting war, this country will gain the active co-operation of hundreds of thousands of desperate representatives of these minorities who will regard war between the Soviet Union and the West as a golden opportunity to launch their own fight for freedom from Moscow's chains.

These statements are neither speculation nor wishful thinking. They are based on the studies of hardheaded policy-making officials in Washington who have the benefit of access to our intelligence files.

These men are convinced that the minorities incorporated into the Soviet Union's huge population are straining at the bonds which tie them to the ruthless Communist dictatorship. Knowledge that the United States recognizes their right to independence and a national existence of their own will cause these people to hamstring Moscow's war plans by sabotage, large-scale desertions from the Red Army, and even open revolt against the Communists. It is possible that by these actions alone Stalin's empire can be broken up from within. But, even if Stalin is foolish enough to resort to war in the face of these domestic difficulties, sponsorship and active encouragement of self-determination will give the United States and its allies the assurance that they will have an easier war to fight and win.

The immediate consequence of a breakup of the Communist empire will be to lift the shadow of fear from this

planet because most of the new states which would emerge will desire nothing better than to live in complete friendship and harmony with the rest of the world. Even if the Communists retain control of one of the new states, their power to do harm through conquest and aggression, which today comes from the extent of the empire they hold and its enormous human and industrial resources, will be eliminated. Under self-determination, the most the Communists may manage to keep for themselves—and that is doubtful—is a Russian state of about ninety million people centering around Moscow.

There is a tendency to forget that Soviet expansion and conquest is not a new phenomenon but a continuation of the savage Russian imperialism which was the order of the day under the Czarist Empire. For instance, the Caucasus region has belonged to Moscow for less than one hundred years. Bringing the Caucasus into the Russian fold was not a peaceful process of bringing civilization to a savage area. It was a deliberately planned policy of conquest in which the preponderant military strength of semibarbaric Moscow crushed the ancient Christian kingdom of Georgia and in so doing left behind wounds which have never healed.

JUST after the end of World War II, one of the Soviet attachés on duty at the Red embassy in Washington was an admiral of Georgian extraction. He must remain anonymous because he has since returned to the Soviet Union. This man told his American friends that the spirit of nationalism and the desire for independence from Moscow have never disappeared in his homeland of Georgia. The people of Georgia, he said, were biding their time and waiting for their chance to achieve freedom. They will welcome, with undying gratitude, the knowledge that their aspirations were looked on with sympathy by the West and they will co-operate fully in any feasible plan to bring the Red slave empire to an end.

The Communists have been slightly more subtle in following the Czarist

Russian policy of imperialism. Ostensibly they have encouraged minority cultures but, by placing Muscovite gauleiters at the helm in each minority area, they have attained the same net effect as the Czarists: the minorities have been allowed autonomy in unimportant affairs but are tied to Moscow's apron strings in matters that count. Like the Czarists, the Communists bleed the minority areas white of their produce and raw materials for the benefit of the majority Russians.

The attitude of the minorities toward their Russian masters is best illustrated by their immediate response to the fall of the Russian Czar in March, 1917. When that happened, most of the minority peoples, living on the periphery of the Czarist Empire, in the west, the east, and to the south, declared their independence and established free and usually republican governments. In other words, the minorities took advantage without delay of the collapse of Moscow's power to free themselves from any connection with the Russians although the democratic successors to the Czarist state promised them sympathetic treatment and a large measure of autonomy under locally chosen governments.

In November, 1917, when Lenin and his Bolsheviks overthrew the provisional Kerensky government, despite the difficulties caused by the German occupation of considerable Russian territory,

literally dozens of independent states had replaced the old empire. In Eastern Europe there was a free Ukraine and a free White Russia. In the Caucasus, and along the shores of the Caspian Sea, the Georgians, the Armenians, and half a dozen other races, declared their independence. In the Crimea, a Tatar state was formed. Siberia was the location of no less than five free states. The far-off Asiatic possessions of the Czar reverted to their former independent status. The Baltic States—Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia—joined Finland in asserting their independence.

Nothing was left of the despotically ruled empire but those territories inhabited by the Russians themselves.

The Communist masters of Russia, although they gave lip-service to the principle of self-determination, were then, as now, shrewd men who realized that reconquest of the old Czarist Empire would give them a fine start on their plan to conquer the world for Marxism. They also realized that world opinion would not give much support to the new states because the West, not having learned to differentiate between the various distinctive ethnological groups living in the former territories of the Czar, lumped them together as Russian and looked on their wars as so many domestic quarrels.

So Lenin and his Bolsheviks sent their armies against one new state after an-

other and reannexed their territory, this time as part of a Communist empire.

By 1925 the last of the independent states was crushed and the capitals of Europe were crowded with political refugees from the ruthless vengeance of the new Communist empire.

It is these political refugees—and those who joined them in exile during and after the second world war—who have kept alive the idea that the way to root out Bolshevism is to offer the hope of freedom to the minorities of the Soviet Union. Between the wars, these exiles learned to recognize that it was their own weakness, caused by their inability to work together against the Communists, rather than the Bolshevik power which destroyed their opportunity for freedom. Many of the exiles decided that only through the close co-operation of all the minorities could they hope to regain their precious independence. They organized political associations which cut across national lines, included representatives from all or nearly all minorities, and set as their goal the restoration of freedom to all.

In Warsaw, for instance, Professor Roman Smal Stocki, a famous Ukrainian scholar who now teaches at Marquette University, organized the Promethean

Shaded parts show non-Russian Soviet "republics." From Omsk to Ambarchik, forgotten nations will also arise



MAP BY TOM GILL

League with delegates from a baker's dozen of the minorities. Between the wars, the Promethean League disseminated independence propaganda from outside the Soviet Union and fostered a secret underground movement within the Communist empire. The League was shattered by the second world war, but Professor Smal Stocki has now re-organized it in this country.

Similar in purpose to the Promethean League is the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, organized in the Ukraine in 1943 by underground representatives of the minorities who were then fighting against both the Nazi invaders and the Soviet partisan bands. The ABN now maintains its headquarters in Edinburgh.

The existence of such organizations among the thousands of exiles from the Soviet Union, plus information brought to Washington from inside the Soviet Union by agents of our various official intelligence services, has convinced many American government officials that a strong demand for freedom exists among the Soviet minorities. There are available on-the-spot reports which reveal that Soviet treatment of its Central Asian minorities, for example, is extremely brutal, and that, as a result, a major part of the population of this area is especially anxious to cast off the Soviet yoke.

ALTHOUGH the constitution of the Soviet Union, the so-called Stalin constitution of 1936, provides for self-government in minority areas of the country, our officials know that in every case the majority of highly placed administrators are Russian carpetbaggers. Only the lowest posts in the administrative echelons are open to the minority representatives.

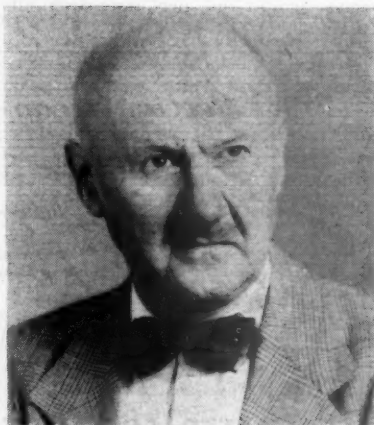
In the western areas of the Soviet Union, particularly in the Ukraine and in the former Baltic States, Soviet brutality has caused the extermination of a large part of the population and the wholesale transference of other millions to the slave labor camps. These facts are well known to newspaper readers from the charges brought against the Bolsheviks before the United Nations by exiles from these regions. Secret information in the possession of the United States Government confirms these charges in every respect.

If there is further doubt that the minorities of the Soviet Union are eager for freedom, two postwar acts of Stalin's government should serve to dispel the notion. When the United Nations was organized, Stalin thought it necessary to make concessions to minority feelings by insisting that the Soviet Ukraine and the Soviet White Russian Republic should have their own representatives in the General Assembly as well as their own

foreign ministers and separate armies. Of course, by placing Communists in charge of these important posts, Stalin has assured himself that whatever autonomy these states have gained has been on paper only.

In its second action, the Soviet Government deliberately destroyed several of the minorities which had enjoyed a slight degree of autonomy—under the watchful eyes of Russian overseers. Among these victims were three "autonomous" republics—two Tatar and one German—located in the Crimea. The population of these regions was shipped to the slave labor camps of the Arctic and their territory was transferred to other minorities on the pretext that these people had co-operated with the Nazis during the war.

Doubtless this was partly true. Most of the minority peoples in the areas occupied by the Germans early in the war did co-operate with the invaders. But they did this not because they favored Hitler's cause, but because they looked upon the war as a God-given opportunity for them to gain their freedom from the men in the Kremlin. Students of Eastern European affairs agree that if the Nazis had properly and decently treated the people of the Soviet Union in the areas occupied by the German Army, Stalin would have lost the war.



Patriot—Roman Smal Stocki

When the Germans first came in, they were welcomed because anything seemed better to these slaves of the Communists than the system under which they had been living. But when the minorities understood that the Germans were coming in as masters rather than as liberators, they turned against them.

Knowing these facts, many responsible Washington officials are convinced that it would be a strategically wise move for this country to announce to the minorities that we look with approval on their aspirations for freedom and will do all in our power to help them achieve

it. Such a proclamation, which would pay back the Communists in their own coin because they are constantly urging the people of the West to revolt against their governments, would cause so much strife and dissension within the Soviet Union, as the minorities regained their hope of freedom, that Stalin would be kept too busy to think of foreign adventures.

THE Red Army would be needed to strengthen local garrisons and quell domestic insurrections instead of for foreign conquest. But since the proportion of minority troops in the Red Army is the same as in the general population, it would not be long before Stalin's troops began to join the civilian population in the quest for freedom. When that happens, the breakup of the Soviet state, founded as it is on military power and not the will of the people, will follow inevitably.

Thus there is a good chance that if this country comes out for self-determination and proclaims it by every propaganda means we possess—by radio, leaflet, and word of mouth—we will never have to fight a war with the Communists, who bear within them the seeds of their own destruction. The minority exiles in this country and in Western Europe are the means by which we can carry these propaganda messages to the enslaved people of the Soviet Union. They understand the aspirations of their fellow countrymen at home. Their very presence in the West is proof that the minorities enthralled to the Russian Communists are anxious for the opportunity to throw off the Soviet yoke. Certainly we will pay a cheaper price in blood and treasure for the destruction of Red Russia's imperialism if we give these men the chance they seek to sow the seeds of liberty in the heart of the Soviet Union.

If we decide to use this plan, there is always the possibility that war with the Communists will come before it can be put into effect and bear its fruit. If that is the case, we will find that advocacy of self-determination will create a pro-United States climate of opinion in the minority areas of the Soviet Union. We will be fighting the Soviets with one will and one determination; they will be fighting us with a divided and unhappy people.

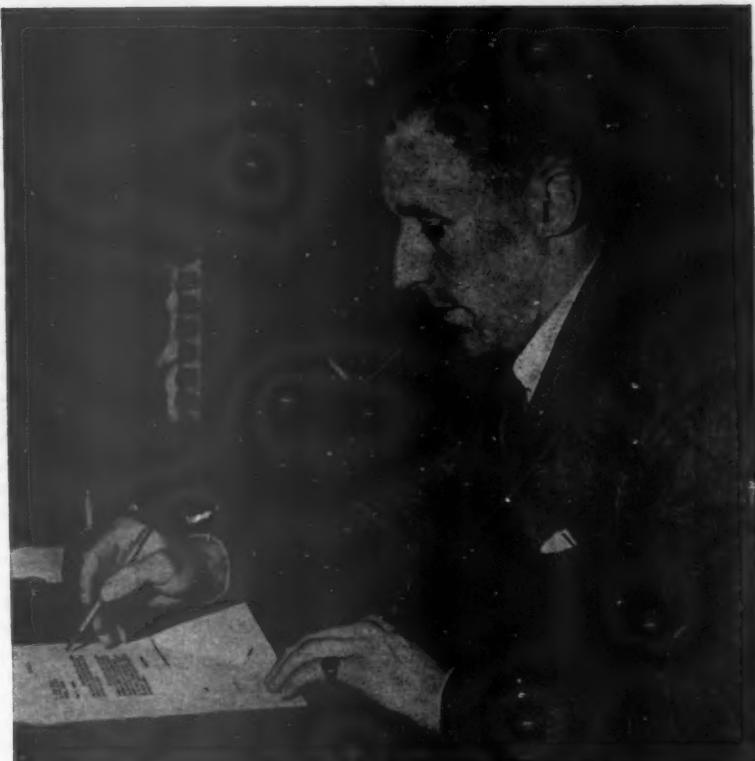
Washington knows these facts but hesitates to take the necessary steps because it is not sure the American people are sufficiently acquainted with Russian history to understand that the breakup of the Soviet Empire would be an act of historical justice. If the people of this country show that they understand and support self-determination for Soviet minorities, Washington will fall in line,

The Ensign of the King

A talk by a Nazi philosopher, a question of a child, led the author to seek out and embrace the Faith

by

ROBERT W. KEYSERLINGK



The author at the editorial desk of the "Ensign"

ON HOLY Saturday, 1946, my wife, my five children, and myself were received into the Catholic Church. At that time I had no idea of the extent to which this family event would affect the subsequent course of my activities.

Violent changes were not new to me, but our conversion certainly did not seem to belong in the category of sudden transitions.

I was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1905. My father, Count Henry Keyserlingk, had just completed his duties as a naval officer of the Imperial Russian Navy during the ill-fated Russo-Japanese war. Riots and revolution were raging through the streets of St. Petersburg and, as my father told me, the doctor arrived late because of mob disturbances so my mother had to cope with the situation alone. This was just the prelude to a series of unexpected developments.

For five centuries my people had lived in the Baltic States, those lands which comprise the countries of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. By origin they had come from the West, from Westphalia and the Netherlands. In Holland there is still a town called Haaren, which is the family name of my mother's people.

Up to 1695 our country, the former Duchy of Courland, was independent,

having been established by the Brethren of the Sword—an order formed to absorb the surplus energies of knights back from the second Crusade who, it was deemed, could be more usefully employed harassing the heathen on the Baltic than the peaceful inhabitants of their Lower Rhine homeland.

With the partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, Courland found itself a sliver between three powerful states, having been in particularly close relations with Poland, and even under her temporary suzerainty. There had been a series of feuds with the Teutonic Order of Marienburg in Prussia, which made the offer of the Empress of Russia to accept her sovereignty in exchange for lingual, religious, and administrative autonomy, most attractive. That is how we came under Russia.

At the time of the Reformation, the Order of the Brethren of the Sword abolished the authority of the Bishop of Riga, divided up the lands which under the old system had been accorded to the Church, and embraced the Lutheran confession.

Thus I was born into a definitely compact and staunch lingual, racial, and religious minority within the bounds of the vast Russian Empire. As all such groups anywhere, this minority took its

religion very seriously. We resisted Russian cultural infiltration as determinedly as we resisted the penetration of the Orthodox Church, but were also suspicious of Catholicism, even if somewhat less pronouncedly, because it came from the West.

So much for the general attitude toward history with which my parents equipped me. As it later proved, that was about all that they were able to bequeath, namely, a strong sense of responsibility toward conviction. For me the great changes came early. I was barely nine when the first World War broke out. My father came out of retirement to rejoin the navy. Fortunately, in 1916 he was transferred from the Baltic to the Pacific Fleet and held a command in Vladivostok at the outbreak of the revolution of 1917. The family fled to Japan. There I first came into contact with Catholics when I was sent to St. Joseph's College in Yokohama.

FEARING that the good Fathers might unduly influence me, my younger brother who was with me, and my sister studying at the Sacred Heart School in Tokyo, we were sent next year to the Canadian Academy in Kobe, a school run by the Methodist Mission of Ontario. Three years later I was in China

THERE MUST BE SILENCE

by ANNE TANSEY

*We must have silence where we go
Like the hush that follows snow.*

*There can be no leafy stir,
No sudden dash of sylvan fur.*

*No wind can blow delight away
Or mar the glory of our day.*

*Earth must lay its voices low;
There must be silence where we go*

*So we can hear eternal bells
And echoes of a Voice that tells*

*In accents low and crystal clear
Things the heart is keyed to hear.*

*There must be silence where we go
Like the hush of falling snow.*

*Hearts are weary and afraid
Of the noises time has made.*

*Earth must quiet every sound
With warning fingers all around.*

*For messages to lessen fears,
For sounds that only Heaven hears,*

*For strains of Love's adagio,
There must be silence where we go.*

and took my Senior Cambridge Matriculation from the Shanghai Public School, a Masonic foundation. This will go to show that, starting with private tutors, a few last months in Russia under revolutionary influences in a public school, and then the other contrasts just mentioned, I can look back upon a singularly varied educational experience.

Coming to Canada in 1925, I first started as a logger and then as a fisherman on the coast of British Columbia, which earned me enough to commence, and with summer work complete, my university courses at the University of British Columbia.

Equipped with nothing but a degree, I managed to get to Europe to find a beginner's job with the United Press in Berlin. I stayed with that organization for nearly twenty years. Eight years in Europe as a foreign correspondent, the last three as general manager of the European Department of the United Press, were rich in experience in those fateful pre-World War II years. I returned to Canada in 1938, married and with three children, having married another Balt, whose parents had been murdered by the Bolsheviks, and whose background religiously, as well as in other respects, was the same as mine. In Canada I became general manager of the British United Press, an affiliate

of the United Press, thus continuing in the same company my journalistic profession.

I have dwelt on this thumbnail sketch to show that life has been most generous to me in supplying a varied, sometimes violent, but always absorbing range of experience. To write of my conversion is in fact but a review of the outward experiences with which God has provided me as an opportunity to profit spiritually.

If asked why I became a Catholic, I think the most accurate answer would be: I could not help it. But grace did not descend with sudden enlightenment as in the case of St. Paul. Far from it. The voyage was long and sometimes imperceptible. Much of it I ascribe to my devout Lutheran parents, who had given me the simplicity of their God-loving and God-fearing example.

One of the greatest difficulties, which I have found quite general today, is to see issues clearly. In a way the very abundance of facilities to know much and to absorb facts and details of happenings on a gigantic scale, thanks to the technical advance in news transmission and the multiplicity of media for news distribution, has created an increasing difficulty in understanding what one knows. Let me take a very simple example by referring to an average news-

paper or a day's diffusion of news. Details, often of an intricate nature, are available about happenings in Indo-China, Korea, India, and Persia, Western and Eastern Germany, on the economic, political, labor, and educational front at home, speeches, opinions, and party pronouncements. The very mass of information defies a clear understanding of all the intricate political, historical, and humanly emotional issues involved.

And yet the real and main issue of all this confusion is as simple today as it ever was, if we can only penetrate through the maze of interesting but often secondary detail.

This was illustrated to me very clearly by no less an enemy of the Church and of all Christian beliefs than the late Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's "high-priest."

Nazism had recently come to power. Reams and reams of details were being recorded regarding their doings, their cruelties in concentration camps, and their suppression of educational and other liberties.

But I noticed that in order to get public attention, to make the front pages, the dispatches had to be quantitatively impressive, the number of victims had to be big, the type of victims had to be select (Jews arrested seemed to make "better copy" than German priests or others) and little if any interest was attached to the real reason behind the crimes.

ONE day Rosenberg had several of us correspondents for North American papers in his office. We were going to ask him point blank how Nazi cruelties could be squared with his Party's claim to recognition by civilized people.

"You object to punitive measures against those whom we consider enemies or harmful to the state," Rosenberg said.

"Don't you realize that such objection can rightly only be based on the 'Myth of the Twentieth Century'—Christianity? We don't believe in it and a lot of your people don't either. Now if man is but an intelligent animal, which is all he is, if there is no soul to bother about, then your objection becomes pure squeamishness. You don't object to a farmer's killing a horse that is either too old, or has broken its leg, and becomes only a burden to feed. You don't object to utilizing or exterminating living things according to their usefulness or uselessness. Just as a farmer is his own best judge of what living thing he uses, and which he feeds and which he does away with, so each state should be allowed to run its own affairs—unless, yes, unless human life has a value. Then, of course, we can talk of crimes. Christianity alone is your excuse and that is a pure myth."

I asked him what difference he then saw between his views and the atheistic materialism of the Communists.

"Frankly, the main difference is merely in application; we are doing it the German way and they are doing it the Russian way."

To me that was one of the best stories of the time, but, needless to say, it was of no general interest. That interest was in who and how many, not in why. It did, however, explain how a little while later the Nazis and Communists were able to get together in the famous Ribbentrop-Molotov pact.

BUT to get interested in the why and to find it being more and more obscured by the how and how many, or to put it differently, truth as against expediency and accommodation, is to take a fateful step.

One begins to examine the premises upon which certain assumptions are based. One sees men and women preferring death and torture to accommodating themselves to what they believe is evil. On what do they base their conviction in a world where tolerance of evil has been incorporated into the modern credo of not taking beliefs too

seriously, since they are merely matters of private concern?

Obviously, I first engaged my Protestant friends in many and interesting discussions. Ever since China, I had gone to the Anglican Church because in many respects it was much closer to the liturgical Lutheranism of the Baltics than to the German Evangelical brand.

The complete secularization of daily life, the opposition to religious education of children, the divergent attitude even on questions of the sacraments within the same church, often "tolerated" by the same bishop, the opposition to papal infallibility coupled with the acceptance of a parliamentary infallibility empowered with legislating on beliefs as contained in the *Book of Common Prayer*, the growing confusion arising from the weirdest interpretations by individual divines of biblical texts, all made me go through a series of eliminations of things I could not accept as valid, either historically or logically.

This was coupled with more frequent references in my reading to Catholic writers and thinkers. Here my greatest surprise was the extent to which an average interested Protestant like myself was armed with a "protective prejudice"

against Catholicism which had no basis in fact.

I could write pages on these misconceptions. I firmly believed, for example, as vast numbers of Protestants believe, that Catholics are convinced that a priest can give a fully effective absolution, irrespective of the state of mind, penitence, and contrition on the part of the sinner.

As I came to rid myself of a number of erroneous and derogatory notions on Catholicism, numberless questions which I had been asking myself found, for the first time, their reasonable and natural answer.

But there was one great obstacle. By that time we had five children and the older three were definitely of reasoning age. Also I had never discussed the question with my wife, and knowing her background, I feared that even a suggestion of "popish inclinations" might ruffle the happy family concord which was my greatest happiness.

Then things began to happen. One day my oldest boy came back from school. He gave us a poser. In church, the boy had been told one thing. His teacher, also an Anglican, had contradicted the minister with another view held by Anglicans of the more "Protestant" trend. Whose authority were we to undermine, the teacher's or the preacher's?

With considerable trepidation, lest I spoil things for some future more propitious moment, I said to my wife as casually as I could: "You know, these problems would not arise if we were Catholics. I am not surprised at religion disappearing out of the lives of children when they are unable to get clear answers."

Imagine my surprise when my wife shot back: "Yes, I have also been thinking about that. Four hundred years away from the Catholic Church has certainly not helped any."

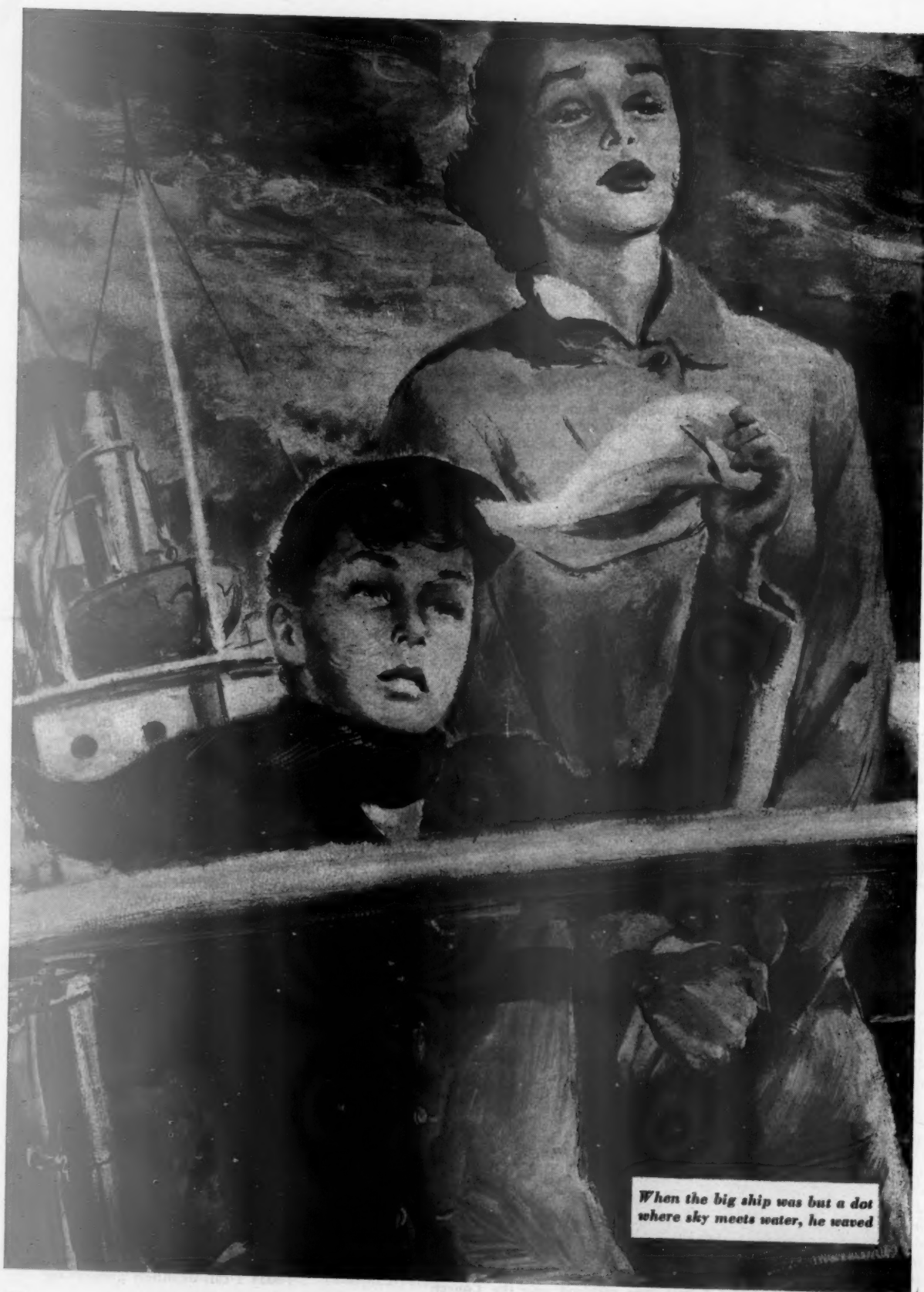
THAT same week we all began taking instructions, and two months later the family, united as never before, was received into the Church.

When, the very next week, a planned trip to Europe as managing director of the British United Press included a private audience with the Holy Father, I went as a Catholic. Fourteen months later I resigned from my position to found Canada's national newsweekly, the *Ensign*, on whose masthead we proudly carry the words of Pope Pius XII: "Can there be anything nobler than to unfurl the Ensign of The King before those who have followed and still follow a false standard to win back to the victorious banner of the Cross those who have abandoned it?"

Today I can definitely answer—no!



Robert Keyserlingk with wife and children. The family, united as never before, was received into the Church



*When the big ship was but a dot
where sky meets water, he waved*

small / boy alone

Only Pete seemed untouched by the heartbreak of
this day. But who would expect understanding
from a heart so young and carefree?

by **MICHAEL J. O'LEARY**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

CORK CITY was an exciting place, with busses, and the river with the bridges across it, and all the people on the streets. Pete's mother took him for a ride to St. Patrick's Well. Later, she bought him new clothes in a store much bigger than their house back in the village.

The man who sold the clothes wore funny boots, not even as high as his ankles. In the fields, the dew from the grass or the wet from the rain would soak through those things in no time at all. Pete's father had never worn boots like that. Dad's boots, and those of the other men in the village, came above their ankles and had thick soles with rows of nails in them. The nails in Dad's boots were rusty now. They rusted quickly when not used.

Pete's older brothers, Geoff and Phil, already had new clothes. They got theirs when Mother took them to Dublin to the American Consul. This was the first trip to Cork for them too. But ten-year-old Phil and twelve-year-old Geoff couldn't afford to let Pete think they were too impressed by the hustle of any city, not after being to Dublin. Besides, Mother had told them that today was Pete's day. Their excitement matched Pete's, no more, no less.

The whole family was in Cork. Aunt Bridie had come too. Once when it seemed Mother had been crying, he heard her tell Aunt Bridie, "Take care of him. When I save money I'll send his passage."

Then Phil and Geoff pulled him away to show him a fire engine go by. But he did not see any engine. When he went back to his mother she hugged him

very tight and kissed him, half-laughing, half-crying.

"Wait 'til Red and Blacky see all the things you have from the three-and-sixpenny store," she said, "and hear all you have to tell them about Cork."

"And the ride in the train," chimed in Pete, though he didn't feel good and wanted to cry.

He had given his promise back in Cashel so long ago when Mother first talked of America. No crying. Instead he talked, with a lump in his chest, telling Mother about the fire engine he had not seen.

That evening, they took another train ride. A short one this time, to Queens-town. The tracks followed the curving path of the water. Before twilight had gone, they were able to see the terraces of Queenstown, the church steeple, and the bay with the green hills rising from it.

"Maybe we'll hear the chimes while we're here," said his mother. "They play beautiful songs."

Pete hoped they would. He liked music and had never heard chimes.

The sighing of the wind played a mournful lullaby for the surging ocean going so far away. He was glad Mother had taken him to bed tonight. In her warmth, he was soon asleep and neither saw her wakefulness nor heard her prayers.

It was still dark when he awoke. Mother was up. So were Aunt Bridie and the boys. Pete washed and dressed himself to show he could do it. Mother brushed his hair, taking long. Aunt Bridie pleaded with her on the time.

At breakfast, Mrs. Hanahan, the hotel

keeper, plied Pete and his brothers with small talk and stuffed their pockets with biscuits. Later, Geoff and Pete put their biscuits in with the package of toys Pete would take home with him. Phil also put in his penknife. Geoff, his pocket watch. Then they joined the group outside the hotel to watch the baggage being loaded.

They rode a sidecar down the steep streets to the quay. Mother sat on one side with Pete. Aunt Bridie and the boys were on the other side. The sidecar was not balanced well, but the careful horse did not seem to mind. Phil and Geoff got into an argument concerning the location of New York. Geoff said it was on the east coast. Phil maintained it was the west coast. Aunt Bridie ended the debate.

"The east coast," she said firmly.

"See," said Geoff triumphantly. "I've been studying American geography. The Christian Brothers made me do it when they heard I was going to the United States. You're too little. When the other fellows went to Gaelic class, I got out the globe and the big map. They got their knuckles rapped and I didn't even get homework."

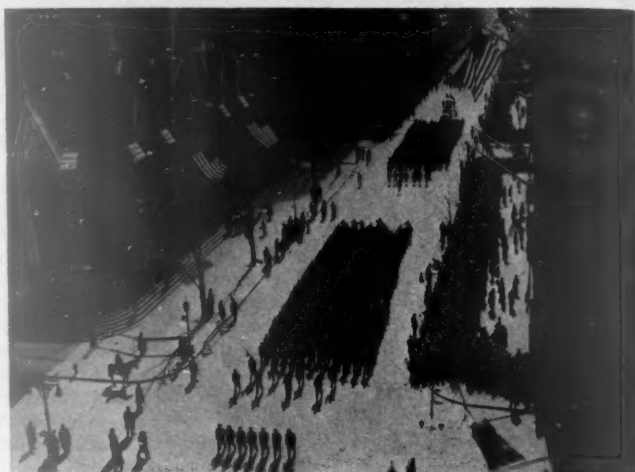
"Hush," Aunt Bridie ordered. "You chatter like magpies. Look," she added, "there's the tender."

IT SEEMED to Pete all too short a time before the tender started moving. The ride toward the big ship, now visible on the horizon, was enlivened by a trumpet player who played requests all the way out. Pete asked him to play "Danny Boy," because his mother used to sing it to Dad, and he thought she'd like it. But she made a funny noise like a strange dog you threw a stone at, so Pete sat still on a packing crate, watching the ship loom closer. Geoff and Phil sat down beside him, saying nothing.

"Visitors can come aboard while mail and baggage are being transferred," the man answered Pete's mother when she explained something to him.

They entered the ship through a pair of large doors in the side. It made Pete dizzy to look down at the water. He did not look long. A man in red-and-black clothes showed them to a cabin with four beds in it, two on each side, one above the other—so narrow Pete thought he'd fall out if he lay on one. Then he noticed the boards nailed to the sides

MICHAEL J. O'LEARY, young war veteran, has written short stories, poems, and articles for the *Irish Echo*, the *Army Times*, and other publications. This is his first appearance in the pages of **THE SIGN**.



Shakespeare Watches the Saint Patrick's Day Parade

by DOYLE HENNESSY

Now is the day we long have looked for.

The Taming of the Shrew Act II Sc. 1

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

The Winter's Tale Act III Sc. 3

... everything I look on seemeth green.

The Taming of the Shrew Act III Sc. 2

... for our Irish.

King Richard II Act II Sc. 1

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is ...

Hamlet Act I Sc. 5

An Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

King Henry V Act III Sc. 2

Sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.

As You Like It Act III Sc. 5

They are all in order and march toward us.

King Henry VI Part II Act IV Sc. 2

March on, my fellows: make good this ostentation.

Coriolanus Act I Sc. 6

... the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-splitting fife ...
Pride, pomp and circumstance

...
Othello Act III Sc. 3

... marches to delightful measures.

King Richard III Act I Sc. 1

Banners flout the sky.

Macbeth Act I Sc. 2

... and take the winds of March with beauty.

The Winter's Tale Act IV Sc. 3

... noble horsemanship.

King Henry IV Part I Act IV Sc. 1

... singing of anthems.

King Henry IV Part I Act IV Sc. 1

The mayor is here ...

King Richard III Act III Sc. 7

... all the daughters ... and all the brothers too.

Twelfth Night Act II Sc. 4

As proper men as ever trod upon ... leather.

Julius Caesar Act I Sc. 1

As merry as the day is long.

Much Ado About Nothing Act II Sc. 1

Ah, know you not the city favours them?

King Henry VI Part II Act I Sc. 1

They have measured many a mile.

Love's Labour Lost Act V Sc. 2

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Macbeth Act IV Sc. 1

The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland.

King Richard II Act II Sc. 2

All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may.

The Merry Wives of Windsor Act I Sc. 1

of the beds and thought they might be safe after all.

"Let's go outside," said his mother.

She put her arm around Pete and led him through a passage, up some stairs, and out in the open. Now they could hear the trumpeter playing a medley of Irish airs. Looking down at the tender, Pete saw him with his cheeks puffed up and his face all red. People were throwing money down to him. When he stopped to pick up the coins, Pete could hear other music coming over the water.

"Those are the chimes," his mother said.

But it was Pete who first recognized the air. In a high, clear voice, he sang the words for his Mother.

"... with the Bells of Shandon

that sound so grand on

the pleasant waters of the River Lee."

His mother's eyes were glistening again. Pete stopped singing. The group which had gathered around moved away. Another man in red and black clothes was carrying something shiny and hitting it with a little hammer. Chimes without a song; just three notes repeated over again.

"All ashore who are going ashore," he cried. "Visitors will please leave. All ashore who are going ashore." His voice echoed down the passageways.

Pete stood on the stern of the tender, looking up at his mother. She was waving to him. The morning sun caught little spots on her face and shimmered

• CONCEIT: Pride without judgment.

—TUAM HERALD

with them to her mouth. Pete pulled his new white handkerchief from his pocket and waved to her and Phil and Geoff.

He waved as long as could see her. When she was but a flickering will-o'-the-wisp in the distance, he continued to wave. When the big ship was but a dot where the sky meets the water, he waved. Then the dot was mixed with many others before his eyes. There was nothing in that empty ocean but the speck of white where the wind had whipped the handkerchief from his hand.

"Come, Pete," Aunt Bridie said gently. "We're at the quay."

The torrent broke as Aunt Bridie fondled him to her bosom. Between gulping sobs, he said, "She didn't see me crying. I gave my word. I wouldn't cry."

*The three lines of poetry given above are from "The Bells of Shandon" by Francis Mahony (1804-1866) (Father Prout). The poem appears in full in "The World's Great Catholic Poetry," Macmillan Co. (1943)



Above: A fighting team of Yanks in Korea. No segregation in this unit. Circle: The late Gen. Walker with Sgt. Arthur C. Dudley, holder of the D.S.C.



Wide World

When it comes to defending our country and even dying for it, no one asks the shade of skin

All Blood is Red

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

AMERICAN Negroes are giving the lie to the ominous prediction of Paul Robeson, the Negro singer, that Negroes would not fight for the United States. They are fighting—fighting as they have seldom fought before, in all branches of the services and side by side with white troops. What is more, white troops, generally speaking—there are exceptions—are accepting Negroes as comrades in arms.

Take the story of Ensign Jesse L. Brown, for example. Brown was a pilot in a fighter squadron on the carrier, U.S.S. "Leyte." He bunked with a white pilot, ate in the officers' mess, attended briefings with his white companions. He went out on a mission one day and did not come back.

The casualty list did not mention the fact, but fact it was that he was the first Negro to die in combat in the uniform of an officer of the United States Navy. Why? Because until recently only a handful of Negroes ever made officer rank in the Navy, and when they did they didn't get into combat units. Brown was one of the first of his race to win a commission in a Navy fighter squadron.

It used to be an article of faith in the services that white units would not accept Negroes on an equal footing. What did the predominantly white crew of the U.S.S. "Leyte" think of Ensign Brown?

They showed what they thought of him by taking up a collection of three thousand dollars to start a fund for the education of his infant daughter.

Brown was not the only Negro in Korea who served his country with distinction. Since the start of the fighting, three Negroes have been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, eleven the Silver Star for gallantry, and seventeen the Bronze Medal for bravery and heroism. One Negro infantry platoon commander, Lieutenant Harry E. Sutton, who fought off the most threatening approach to a breakthrough into the Hungnam beachhead, has been recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military award. If he gets it, he will be the first Negro to be so honored.

Most of the Negroes in Korea have been serving in the Twenty-fourth Regiment, which saw continuous combat duty for seventy-three days. To this outfit, General Douglas MacArthur paid the following tribute: "The Twenty-fourth Regiment of the Twenty-fifth Division might be taken as a symbol of

the courage, tenacity, and effectiveness of the colored troops involved."

Some of the Negro troops in Korea are fighting in all-Negro units, others in mixed units. One regiment, which consisted of two white battalions and one Negro battalion when it arrived in Korea, has been reshuffled so that now 30 per cent of the formerly all-white battalions are Negroes and 90 per cent of the formerly all-Negro battalion are whites. The regimental surgeon is a Negro. One company lost its white captain in battle and for the next twenty-four hours took its orders from his Negro executive officer, who assumed command.

Never before has the color line been relaxed among American combat troops to the extent that it has been in Korea and in the upbuilding of the expanded armed forces. The greater opportunity now offered Negroes to serve their country in these forces is a measure of the progress that has been made in carrying out the policy proclaimed by President Truman in 1948, of according "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons in the armed services without regard to race, color, religion, or national origin."

It would be a gross misstatement to say that the policy of equality has yet won general acceptance in all the serv-

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ices; nevertheless, it is the unanimous opinion of civilian and service officials in charge of implementing the policy that segregation is on the way out. Integration of Negroes and whites was long resisted, but most of the responsible service spokesmen agree that it is now paying off. It has paid off, not only in the superior performance of Negroes in combat, but also in the response of members of that race to the call of the services for volunteers.

A cherished objective of Communist propaganda in this country has been to keep the Negro reminded of the discrimination practiced against him, especially in the armed forces. The aim was to create a Negro Fifth Column which would refuse to serve the country in peace or war. No Moscow-directed effort ever failed so utterly. A traditionally loyal segment of the population, Negroes not only have not sought to evade military service; they have volunteered for enlistment in the Army in numbers all out of the proportion their race bears to the total population. It may be that some were impelled to enlist because of barriers standing in the way of



James C. Evans—alert, realistic

civilian employment, but a majority were attracted by the greater opportunities the armed forces are offering them under the new policy of equality of treatment.

The so-called Negro problem is not new in the services. Negroes in small numbers have served in the Army and Navy since Revolutionary days. In the Army, Negroes first served in large numbers on the side of the Union in the Civil War. Almost all of the 180,000 who fought for the North were commanded by white officers, although the federal and state authorities did commission 75 Negroes.

In the First World War, 367,710 Negroes were inducted, 13.08 per cent of all inductions. But of 200,000 sent to France, only 42,000 saw action at the

front. The others were used entirely in labor battalions commanded mostly by white officers. The regular army had only two infantry and two cavalry regiments of Negroes, authorized by Congress in 1866.

Before the outbreak of the Second World War, the Negro complement in the Army had dwindled to five officers and 4,435 men. During that war, it shot up to 7,768 officers and 701,678 men, a peak for Negro strength. Current statistics are classified; not many months ago, however, the Army had 934 Negro officers, including 77 women, and Negroes made up 11.15 per cent of the total strength.

IN THE First World War, Negro personnel in the Navy mounted to 167,000. But, at the end of the war, enlistments were closed to Negroes and were not reopened until 1932, and then only for the messman's branch.

Generally speaking, until recent times, neither the Army nor the Navy regarded Negroes as suitable combat personnel. Two views traditionally influenced the Army's utilization of Negro troops. First, that Negroes must be used in separate units, and second, that they were most effective in such jobs as truck driver and heavy construction worker. As a result, most Negro troops were assigned to the Engineer corps and the Supply Services.

The Navy clung with equal tenacity to the belief that Negro sailors could not be mingled with whites aboard ship, but had to be confined to the mess department. Consequently, Navy Negro personnel was assigned chiefly to the shore installations as members of "overhead" or "housekeeping" units.

The Air Force did not become a separate service with policy-making functions until recently, and in the early days followed the policy of the Army. By VJ-Day, there were approximately 140,000 Negroes in the Air Force, virtually all of whom served in segregated units. Except for the all-Negro Ninety-ninth Fighter Squadron, the 332d Fighter Group, and the 477th Bombardment Group, Negroes in the Air Force were concentrated in air cargo resupply squadrons, M.P. companies, ordnance companies, aviation engineer battalions, signal construction battalions, quartermaster truck companies, airdrome defense battalions, air base security battalions, and medical detachments. That is to say, they were used chiefly for heavy duty work regardless of their individual skills and aptitudes.

Naturally, with opportunities so limited, with so many skilled grades of service closed to them, few Negroes in peacetime have been able to win commissions or work up to petty officer ratings. The doors of the two service

academies were almost—but not quite—sealed. A Negro was graduated from West Point in 1877—Henry O. Flipper, a cavalry officer. Since then, twelve others have been graduated and there are five Negro cadets in the class of 1951.

Only one Negro has attained the rank of Brigadier General—Benjamin O. Davis, a non-West Pointer who was retired in 1948. Charles R. Young, the third Negro West Point graduate, had the seniority for brigadier in 1917 but was pronounced physically unfit and retired. Of the 934 Negro officers in the service on the last date for which figures are released, only five had come in by way of West Point.

The Navy has only nineteen Negro commissioned officers on active duty, of whom four are graduates of the Academy at Annapolis. Ten came in from Reserve Officer Training Schools and five from the Navy Aviation School at Pensacola, Fla. The highest rank a Negro has attained in the Navy is Lieutenant Commander, and the senior officer now on duty is a senior grade Lieutenant. Since few white members of Congress appoint Negroes, it is almost easier for a man to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Negro to get appointed to the service academies. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, former United States Senator from Rhode Island, and the late Representative John B. Sullivan, of Missouri, are the only two white members of Congress who ever appointed Negroes to the officer schools.

NAVY Reserve Officer Training Schools are now open to Negroes, but they have difficulty in qualifying for admission because the quality of their education has been inferior. Of three hundred who took a recent qualification examination, only two passed.

While the traditional policy of treating the Negro in the armed services as little more than a day laborer in uniform stems, in large measure, from race prejudice permeating the command, many fair-minded, conscientious officers opposed a change in the policy on the ground that integration of Negroes into combat units would militate against efficiency. These officers argued, with facts on their side, that Negroes lacked the qualifications for duty in the more skilled grades of military service. Moreover, they believed sincerely that Negroes could not be mingled with whites without creating racial frictions that would impair the efficiency of the combat units. They recognized the validity of the Negroes' claims to equality of treatment, but they insisted that their first duty was to maintain the morale of the armed services.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the equality of treatment policy did not begin to make headway until the

service commands became convinced that the Negroes had made great strides in education in the last twenty years and that the policy of excluding them from more skilled branches of the service was resulting in a great waste of



Harrie A. Davis

Brig. Gen. Davis—only Negro general

manpower. The fear that Negroes and whites could not work together without serious friction was more tenacious, but that is being overcome by experience. Persuasive as the arguments from social justice may be, it has been in the interest of a more efficient use of manpower that the services have approached the problem of integration, and that is probably the reason such substantial progress has been made. Those responsible for carrying out the policy insist that it is not the business of the armed forces to work a social revolution in race relations.

Although the armed services came in for criticism on the score of discrimination as early as the First World War, it was not until the passage of the first selective draft act in 1940 that a policy of no discrimination was laid down officially.

In an effort to comply, the services began making concessions grudgingly, and the Army sought to "limit" its Negro policy by setting up a quota under which Negroes could not exceed 10 per cent of the total strength. In the midst of this foot-dragging, on July 26, 1948, President Truman issued an executive order proclaiming the policy of full equality of treatment. In the same order, the President set up a committee, under the chairmanship of Charles Fahy, now a judge of the United States Court of Appeals, to survey the armed forces and make recommendations for carrying the policy into effect. In the end, most of the recommendations were accepted by the services.

The Navy gave ground gradually, but, prodded by a specific directive from Secretary Francis P. Matthews, it finally went all-out. So pleased were Negroes

with the Navy's new policy that, in 1950, the Dorie Miller Foundation, of Chicago, organized in honor of a heroic Navy mess attendant, bestowed its award to the "Personnel of the United States Navy" for having made the outstanding contribution to improving race relations in that year.

At first, the Navy balked at permitting Negroes to serve aboard ship except as mess attendants. Then it tried the experiment of manning a destroyer escort and a patrol craft with predominantly Negro crews under white officers. Nine months later, it placed Negroes aboard twenty-five auxiliary ships integrated with whites in the proportion of one Negro to ten whites. Having learned from this experiment that Negroes could be placed in white crews without trouble, the Navy's next step was to remove all restrictions on the assignment of Negro personnel.

In 1945, 95 per cent of Negro personnel was in the mess department. Today, about half serve in the galleys and wardrooms, the other half in general assignments throughout the Navy. Another concession, ordered by Secretary Matthews, was the admission of chief stewards and other mess ranks to the ratings of petty officers. Although the duties of the higher ranks in the mess department were comparable with those of petty officers, Negro messmen never had been given the ratings.

TODAY, discrimination against the Negro in the Navy scarcely exists. On the carriers U.S.S. "Leyte" and U.S.S. "Kearsarge," Negroes are working throughout the ships, in the engineer and boiler rooms, as crane operators, on the plane elevators, as quartermasters' and boatswains' mates, and in many other capacities. At the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., Negro trainees are processed with whites and assigned to the same companies. In the technical schools, Negroes are represented in every course except journalism.

Generally speaking, throughout the Navy, Negroes and whites are working, messing, and berthing side by side, ashore and afloat. The expectations of racial frictions have not materialized. There has been little, if any, trouble. In five years, the Navy has moved from a policy of complete exclusion of Negroes from general service to complete integration in general service.

The story in the other services is much the same. In the Army, all jobs are now open to Negroes and all schools without restriction or quotas. Negroes no longer are assigned almost exclusively to house-keeping units and heavy-duty battalions, but are integrated according to qualifications into any unit, including formerly white units. In some training camps, even in the South, Negroes are being

trained side by side with whites, eating at the same messes and living in the same barracks. The 10 per cent quota has been lifted.

The Army directive still leaves it to the discretion of commanders to determine whether to continue segregation or go in for integration. Where the attitudes of a community are unfavorable to integration, or where efficiency would be served by segregation, segregation still is maintained. But the trend is away from it.

OF ALL the services, the Air Force has made the most abrupt about-face in its handling of Negroes. Because of the high skills required in the Air Force technical grades, the Negro was considered unsuitable for anything but heavy-duty labor. But in the last two or three years a majority of the Negro units have been abolished. Figures are not available for a date later than January 31, 1950, because of security; as of that date only 59 Negro units remained, while 1301 units had been racially integrated. Approximately 74 per cent of the 25,000 Negroes in the Air Force were serving in integrated units, 25 per cent in all-Negro units. Air Force schools, without exception, are open to qualified personnel without racial restriction or quota. In many of these schools, Negro officers and noncoms are instructing white and mixed groups of trainees.

It is not the intention of this article to maintain that the inequality of treatment has been completely wiped out in the short space of five years. Many Negroes are by no means satisfied with what has been done. The director of the Washington Bureau of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People recently complained to the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Forces Committee that the Army was not giving Negro troops and trainees proper protection against discriminatory practices in communities adjacent to Army installations. But the Army takes the quite reasonable position that it cannot be expected to correct long-standing prejudices of civilian communities.

There are still many complaints that, even where equality of opportunity of service has been established, little progress has been made in the program of providing equal recreational facilities for Negro troops.

Notwithstanding, a fair judgment on the new equality program is that expressed by James C. Evans, the alert but realistic Negro civilian adviser to the Secretary of Defense on the racial problem. Evans keeps his fingers on the situation all the time, and he believes that the armed forces have done more to improve race relations than any other organized group.

STAGE

and

SCREEN

by

JERRY COTTER



★ Eddie Dowling has his heart checked by Joseph Lautner as Joan McCracken and other cast members look on in "Angel in the Pawnshop"

"The Miracle"

While the courts and state boards ponder the issue posed by Roberto Rossellini's outrageous irreverence, the question has been deliberately beclouded and distorted by those who would neither recognize nor acknowledge blasphemy under any circumstances. To them the issue is primarily a political one, for they have abandoned moral approaches in their obeisance to secularism and the materialist philosophy.

The current cry that the Catholic Church seeks censorship and the imposition of its views on all is reminiscent of that "arsenal in every Catholic church" bugaboo of granddad's time. It is at once silly and diabolical. There is nothing secular about Catholic protests against the blasphemy, the desecration, and the violent atheism of *The Miracle*. Though the target is Catholic belief, every Protestant and every Jew should be in the forefront of the opposition. While the picture is primarily anti-Catholic, the issue is anti-God.

There should be no quarrel from any source in this campaign, yet we find it in the expected outburst from "Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State"; from the distributor of the film, Joseph Burstyn, who flayed the Legion of Decency for its objections, and from Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times*, who stated "the main consideration is not whether *The Miracle* is 'blasphemous' as Cardinal Spellman has publicly proclaimed . . . but . . . whether real freedom of expression on the screen is sincerely desired and whether the cause of this freedom is worth enduring offense to maintain."

Freedom of expression has become something of a fetish to those who would readily eliminate offenses against God from the list of heinous crimes. To claim that suppression of blasphemy or of obscenity is a restriction of artistic freedom is as unsound as to plead for the right of a typhoid carrier to roam at will. There are limits to every freedom, and nowhere in the laws of man is there license to blaspheme or desecrate. Any proper interpretation of censorship laws will bear that out.

Reviews in Brief

In the technical sense, *YOU CAN'T FOOL AN IRISHMAN* doesn't measure up to the Hollywood competition, but from the entertainment standpoint it is an amusing entry. It spoofs the California moviemakers in grand fashion and offers some highly enjoyable bits of Dublin-style humor in the bargain. Tommy Dugan caricatures a Hollywood producer intent on filming the life of St. Patrick in Eire. Shamus Locke and Shirl Conway carry on a pleasant romance, and several members of the Abbey Theatre company help out in supporting roles. The entire family will find varying degrees of enjoyment in this sly satire. (Bell Pictures)

Comic-strip addicts, particularly those of tender years, will enjoy *GASOLINE ALLEY*, a fairly faithful reproduction of the misadventures of "Skeezix" and "Corky." The latter's struggle to make a success of his first business venture accounts for most of the footage. Scotty Beckett and Jimmy

Lydon are reasonably exact facsimiles of the cartoon favorites. (Columbia)

I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, which sounds like another Technicolor-tipped musical, is the simple and sincere chronicle of a young minister's first assignment in the backwoods of Georgia. A homespun story with emphasis on the minister's humanitarian assignments, it moves along at a slow and episodic pace. Lacking any real spiritual flavor, it is an interesting account of hill-country life and attitudes at the turn of the century. William Lundigan is excellent as the "circuit rider," and Susan Hayward is believable as his city-bred bride. Gene Lockhart's portrayal of the community leader stands out in a supporting cast that also includes Alexander Knox, Rory Calhoun, Lynn Bari, Kathleen Lockhart, and Ruth Donnelly. An entertaining bucolic interlude for adults. (20th Century-Fox)

If you've watched many television wrestling matches, then **MR. UNIVERSE** holds a fair share of fun-value for you. It is the often hilarious account of a crooked promoter's efforts to maneuver an honest grappler into a dishonest match. Without winning any bravos, this is an enjoyable charade for the mat fans. Jack Carson, Bert Lahr, Janis Paige, Robert Alda, Maxie Rosenbloom, and Vincent Edwards are involved in this hectic blend of hilarity and headlocks. (Eagle Lion-Laurel)

A thrilling yarn of submarine warfare, **OPERATION PACIFIC** is marred by the unnecessary inclusion of a divorce angle. Once again the indifferentism of Hollywood automatically eliminates a large portion of the audience from an otherwise excellent picture. The marine photography, an original story line, and splendid acting by John Wayne and Ward Bond among others, cannot fully compensate for an unfortunate lapse. (Warner Brothers)

RAWHIDE approaches the Western action theme from a new angle, concentrating on a psychotic group of badmen who plan a stagecoach robbery. That the story is not entirely successful is due as much to miscasting as it is to uneven writing. When the members of the unholy quartet take over a stagecoach way station and settle down to await the

arrival of a gold cargo, they kill the station agent and hold as hostages his young assistant, a woman passenger and baby. Their efforts to escape the trap and the sadistic maneuverings of the captors create some interest, but Tyrone Power does not have his happiest assignment as the reluctant hero of the plot. Nor does Hugh Marlowe fully convince as the gang leader. Susan Hayward is adequate in a stereotyped characterization, and Dean Jagger is briefly effective as an unenthusiastic sagebrush gangster. Adult in tone and development, this is second-choice fare. (20th Century-Fox)

THE GROOM WORE SPURS is one of those highly improbable comedy ideas adapted from the pages of a mass-circulation magazine. A movie cowboy hero, who is neither heroic nor at home on the range, and a bird-brained lady lawyer are the principals. With Jack Carson and Ginger Rogers in those roles and Joan Davis as the inevitable roommate of the heroine, there is more than the usual quota of laughs. If you like your comedies with some rhyme and reason, this won't measure up, but it is partially enjoyable escapist fun for the adults. (Universal-International)

There is taut excitement in the prison break and subsequent chase scenes in **UNDER THE GUN**. Otherwise the story is routine, telling of a gambler who murders his way into a Florida prison and schemes his way out, bent on vengeance. Richard Conte is thoroughly convincing as the killer in this adult melodrama. Filming the production on location adds a note of authenticity that bolsters the story. (Universal-International)

Hollywood's preoccupation with the post-Civil-War period continues in **THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY**. This is festooned with some glittering cast names, the usual quota of violence, and a New Mexico background. The scenic values of the terrain are never fully exploited, probably because this opus was filmed in black and white. The story also lacks the shadings and color that a first-class Western needs, resulting in a rather drab session. Glenn Ford, Rhonda Fleming, and Edmond O'Brien are featured but do little to raise this above the level of a dull script. (Paramount)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have built a following among

★ *Hugh Reilly, Margaret Phillips, and Clive Brook in "Second Threshold"*



★ *Barbara Bates' parents (Gene and Kathleen Lockhart) have it out with Rory Calhoun in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain"*



the nightclub customers with their raucous, bawdy, and ridiculous style of funmaking. On screen the antics seem less spontaneous, and in *AT WAR WITH THE ARMY*, their efforts to be hilarious leave wide room for improvement. Though the level of their comedy is juvenile, the material belongs in the adults-only category. These days there doesn't seem to be much amusement in army life, and even such zany creatures as Martin and Lewis cannot make the laughs stick. (Paramount)

Humphrey Bogart turns to the law in *THE ENFORCER*, a gory rehash of the Murder Inc. infamy. This time Bogart is the district attorney who tracks down a witness needed to convict a notorious gang leader. It's a familiar excursion through the gangland haunts without any unexpected twists along the way. Jeff Corey, Eula Guy, and Roy Roberts are capable supporting players in an adult melodrama fashioned from the recent headlines. (Warner Brothers)

The New Plays

Philip Barry's last play has some lustrous moments as it gaily sings a sad song. *SECOND THRESHOLD* is a problem play for the audience as well as the author. In some respects it parallels the Forrester case, though we are assured that Barry did not have that tragedy in mind when he prepared this three-act thesis. It is the melancholy study of a man, retired from an important government post, who contemplates his own destruction. Suicide is the only exit he can discover from his disillusionment with family, career, and life. Searching always for the light which would give some meaning to his existence, he is a perfect symbol of the secularism which has sapped our civilization's strength, even its will to continue on with the battle. Barry and his revisionist, Robert Emmet Sherwood, who took over the final polishing and rewriting after the author's death, do not get at the deepest root of the evil, even though their play sparkles with crisp wit and delves into motives and characters with tragic accuracy. The Barry touch is plainly evident in much of the sparkling dialogue. Clive Brook, who has spent the years since his Hollywood retirement on the London stage, is magnificent as the sardonic, urbane, and melancholy protagonist. Margaret Phillips, with a long list of fine portrayals to her credit, does not fully capture the sympathy and charm her role requires, but Hugh Reilly is splendid as a young, serious physician. *Second Threshold* is a brooding and provocative drama, lightened somewhat by bright passages and shadings that stem from the Barry genius. Philosophically, it needs a bit of added revision to match the smartness and sparkle.

DARKNESS AT NOON is the most powerful anti-Communist script yet presented on Broadway. It has fire and vehemence; dramatic skill and ingenuity; a stimulating and uncompromising approach plus a painstaking group performance to help carry its impassioned message across the footlights. It is a dramatization of Arthur Koestler's novel, with some strong additions by playwright Sidney Kingsley. Primarily it is the story of "Rubashov," a tried and trusted Party functionary who has come to the end of the road. Minor infractions of discipline have led to his arrest. While awaiting execution he ponders the situation, the whys, the hows, and the wherefores of his downfall and of Communism itself. He resolves the problem in halfhearted style, with the hope that the Red Terror bears the seeds of its own destruction. Beyond that it does not go. Technically the production is often cumbersome and unwieldy. It also suffers from an overdose of speech-making, but perhaps that was necessary considering the verbosity of Communist leaders everywhere. Claude Rains is remarkably expert in delineating the fallen comrade, and there are clever supporting vignettes by Kim Hunter, Walter Palance, Philip Coolidge, and

Alexander Scourby. Even though this does not nail the opposition down on every count, it is a sturdy step in the right direction.

Underneath all the whimsy and folderol of *ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP* there is a worthwhile message. It is often lost sight of in the fantastic clutter of people, things, and ideas that wisp in and out of Eddie Dowling's mystic hideout. Musically, visually, and histrionically, this is a superb production—but it lacks the dramatic balance and depth needed to counter its puckish qualities. Without this median, the play is offbalance and mere technical excellence cannot put it back in focus again. Author A. B. Shiffrin has taken a glamorized pawnshop, an old Irishman who owns it and suffers with a bad heart, an elfish young lady who spends part of the time in the twentieth century and most of it in a dreamworld of coronets, princes, and fables; an assortment of pawnshop customers, and a variety of ideas on every sub-



★ Maxie Rosenbloom (shown with Bert Lahr and Jack Carson) is an honest wrestler in "Mr. Universe"

ject from leprechauns to racial injustice. It adds up to a vague, but pleasant, fantasy helped immeasurably by the brilliance of another great Dowling performance, the emergence of Joan McCracken as an actress of great promise, and good work by the supporting players. There isn't a large audience for whimsy of this type, so its chances of success seem slim.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: (On Tour) *Peter Pan*.

FOR ADULTS: *Arms and the Man*; *Where's Charley?* (On Tour) *The Consul*; *The Innocents*; *The Cocktail Party*; *Oklahoma*; *The Medium* and *The Telephone*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Affairs of State*; *Bell, Book and Candle*; *Black Chiffon*; *South Pacific*; *Call Me Madam*; *Kiss Me Kate*; *The Happy Time*; *The Member of the Wedding*; *The Country Girl*; *The Lady's Not for Burning*; *Bless You All*; *Angel in the Pawnshop*; *Second Threshold*; *Darkness At Noon*. (On Tour) *Brigadoon*.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Peep Show*; *Season in the Sun*; *Twentieth Century*; *Out of This World*; *Guys and Dolls*; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. (On Tour) *Mister Roberts*; *Diamond Lil*; *A Streetcar Named Desire*; *Death of a Salesman*.

Swing Low—Sweet Chariot

Wouldn't you call Aunt Bessie—alias
Sister Vera—an unofficial saint?

Look at the family, and try to
say she didn't work miracles

by **LUCILE HASLEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

IT IS a fearful and wonderful thing to have a saint bud forth on one's family tree. It is especially fearful and wonderful when this budding takes place on a family tree like mine: a tree that was originally a sturdy Canadian Catholic oak but is now a strange hybrid growth that defies classification. This is not to imply that dry rot has set in or the sap run dry, during this past generation, but simply that the sap now runs rampant in all directions.

At this stage, it is almost impossible to tell—without a program—just what relatives are apostates by choice, pagans by circumstances, returned black sheep, converts, or original charter members of the Faith of Our Fathers. It is particularly difficult to track down when all the relatives have their *own* stubborn versions.

Take my Uncle John. Uncle John (God rest his soul, for he died a violent death when the automobile he was jacking up came down on his neck) was out of the Church some fifty-odd years. Yet if someone would ask, speculatively: "Let's see. How long was it you were out, John?" he would always answer indignantly, "Never *was* out. Just didn't go."

And then there are the dubious cases like Uncle Henry out in Salt Lake City. Did he or did he not make a deathbed return? We have only his wife Maggie's description of his last moments, and, from her report, it sounds like a free-for-all. Henry demanded a priest and she, Maggie, retorted, "Over my dead body," and sent in her Lutheran minister instead. Henry gave one look at him and yelled: "Get out, you! I said I wanted a priest!" And expired shortly thereafter.

With a family like this (recording angels working overtime, trying to keep the files straight), there is nothing like a family funeral—with all split factions assembled under one roof—to make the



Great-great Uncle Pierre loved Englishmen—fricassee

very angels hold their breath. The Protestants stubbornly send flowers to the Catholic funerals, knowing full well that Mass cards are desired, and the Catholics even more stubbornly deluge the bereaved Protestants with spiritual bouquets.

The Catholics have even been known to regard, with a cold and cynical eye, the occasional Protestant attempts to conform to Catholic protocol. I distinctly remember the time a wire arrived from a wealthy but notoriously tight-fisted Protestant branch of the family: "Arrange for a Mass from All of Us Here In Denver. Send 'ill."

The Catholics looked at each other. What, exactly, did Denver have in mind? "If they're splitting expenses," said one dryly, "a one dollar Mass would come to twenty-five cents per head. Think they can swing it? Or should we make it a five dollar Mass with music and *really* make it hurt?"

IN OTHER words, there are times when the family charity falleth not as the gentle rain from heaven but as a splattering of hailstones. It is indeed fortunate that the various priests and ministers and Christian Science readers, who have to deliver the family funeral sermons, aren't too aware of their mixed breed audiences. If aware, I strongly suspect that they would call it quits with a hasty, "May he (she) rest in peace," and run for their lives.

Take the unfortunate case of my Aunt Agnes, who not only slid under the Catholic wire at the zero hour, but was born with—and died with—a razor-edged tongue. The priest was not (understandably enough) too well acquainted with Aunt Agnes and so, wildly grasping at the nearest straw, he based the entire eulogy on her name. Agnes, said he, meant lamb. Warming to his theme, he then went overboard in extolling her endearing and lamblike qualities.

After that, the Protestants were more anticlerical than ever. It just went to show, said they, that Catholics could bribe their priests into doing *anything*.

Fortunately, it is up to God—not us—to render final judgments on the washed and unwashed, but it's certainly difficult to refrain from helping Him. The Protestant relatives, for instance, can't help speculating as to how the Catholic cannibal on the family tree made out at heaven's gates. It seems that during the French-Indian wars, great-great Uncle Pierre was invited to a banquet by Pontiac, the big Indian chief. The meat was especially excellent and Uncle Pierre, wiping his lips, said as much to his host. Pontiac agreed, and then, pointing to a burlap bag on the ground, remarked carelessly: "The rest is in there. You can have it if you like." Gluttonous Uncle Pierre, upon peering into the bag, discovered the bloody and severed head of an Englishman. (N. B.: This may be verified by browsing through the his-



torical records at Lansing, Michigan. One of my foolhardy relatives, hoping to, no doubt, unearth some royal blood, browsed into *this* instead.)

It has not, however, been established that Pierre ate the Englishman on a Friday, and so the Catholic descendants are inclined to take a lenient view of the matter. Not that they necessarily approve of eating one's friends, but, after all, Uncle Pierre didn't actually know the Englishman by name.

The Catholics also find it easy to overlook the Catholic smuggler in our family—my own grandmother, who smuggled her new wedding bonnet across the Detroit River under her hoop skirts. On the other hand, they entertain grave doubts about Protestant Uncle Ralph's salvation. Throughout his entire life, dour Uncle Ralph—whenever anyone asked how he was feeling—had only one standard rejoinder: "Oh, God, but I'm miserable." Even if you posed the question when he was in the thick of a spirited horseshoe game, you could still count on him to stop, put his hand to his back, and mutter: "Oh, God, but I'm miserable." Somehow, we can't quite picture Uncle Ralph in heaven because he would be so utterly miserable being utterly happy.

As I was saying, it is a fearful and wonderful thing to have a saint bud forth on a family tree like this. It is also very heartening. Even though it may never happen again, we *do* have this powerful representative—Sister M. Vera, alias my Aunt Bessie—to plead for us in the heavenly courts.

That our family should even have produced a nun is miraculous enough

(after all, five out of her own seven brothers and sisters left the fold), let alone a truly saintly nun. Oh, I grant you that our family saint will never be officially canonized, but I could, if Rome wanted, furnish several pretty convincing miracles on her behalf.

Miracle No. 1, I think, is that Sister Vera, during her lifetime, was like the three young men in the Fiery Furnace: she, alone, walked unscathed among the fiery relatives. The well-loved baby of the family, no fiery darts ever licked at her black serge skirts. Indeed, in her presence, the relatives lay down, side by side, like little lambs.

Male relatives, before visiting her in the convent parlors, thoughtfully twisted their Masonic rings around on their fingers and meekly accepted, from her hands, crocheted scapulars and holy cards. Female relatives, who hadn't spoken to each other for decades, presented a charming picture of sisterly love for her exclusive benefit.

None of which, of course, fooled Sister Vera for one little minute. For if ever anyone had her apostolate all cut out for her, and knew it, she was the one. I might also add that it was a most successful apostolate—this praying her immediate family back into the Church, not to mention the outlying suburban areas—and statistics bear me out. Of the strayed brothers and sisters, all but one have eventually trailed back home, one by one. Several converts (one being myself) have emerged from the damaged suburban areas although, at the time, I was only vaguely aware that my mother had a sister who was "a nun way out in California." More things are wrought by prayer, even by unknown aunts in California, than this world dreams of.

SIX years ago, Sister Vera's teaching career was cut short by a stroke of paralysis and she was sent back here to die. Only she didn't die. She didn't die until last week and—during these six long years in the St. Mary's infirmary—she had nothing to do but sit in a chair and continue her apostolate of prayer. Only, to prayer was now added suffering. And, to suffering, was added the irresistible touch: a complete and cheerful submission.

When asked how *she* was feeling (with two grotesquely swollen legs and a useless left arm) she'd pass it off with a "Well, can't say as I've been doing any handsprings lately, but now tell me how *you've* been. Has that head cold of yours cleared up?"

And her one complaint (only it wasn't so much a complaint as a sort of homesick sigh) was an occasional: "I'm so good for nothing that I can't see what's keeping the good Lord. Why doesn't He come and get me?"

In the meanwhile there was nothing to do but go on a-sitting: with the view from her window (the laundry smoke stack), and a pot of African violets, on the windowsill, for companions. The Real Companion, of course, was in the room right next to hers—the infirmary chapel—where she managed to drag herself, literally inch by inch, for daily Mass. ("Maybe if they'd strap me on roller skates," she'd say, "I could manage this a little more gracefully.")

About ten days ago they found her on the floor. She must have been slightly conscious for she fumbled at the cord around her waist, trying to help them loosen her clothing. In any event, it was her last conscious gesture. The priest anointed her just as she was, right there on the floor, expecting her to die any second. They went on expecting her to die any second for all of the next week (in an oxygen tent and with a temperature that soared to 107 degrees) and Sister Vera herself, if conscious in her Fiery Furnace, would probably have said: "Heavenly days, *now* what can be keeping the good Lord?"

I, myself, would be loath to interpret dogmatically the inscrutable ways of God, but Aunt Dorie didn't hesitate for a minute. Across the bed of the dying, she looked at her brother Andrew (the lone remaining black sheep) and then put on the heat. "You know why poor Bessie can't die," said she reproachfully. "She's waiting for *you* to return to the Church."

(Poor Andrew! Ex-altar boy, with his Masonic ring twisted around for the occasion, standing helpless and clumsy in Catholic territory. And, to add to his discomfort, having various nuns come up and press his hand: "Ah, you must be Andrew. Sister has told us *all* about you.")

"S-sh," said Mother Superior. "Maybe she can hear you for all we know. The sense of hearing is the last to leave."



"Then why don't you *all* be quiet?" spoke up Protestant Aunt Gertrude from her post by the radiator. "Why not let Bessie die in peace and quiet?"

Well, Bessie died in peace and quiet, in the small morning hours, and at last could have her lighted holy candles. (No flames, however holy, allowed near an oxygen tent.) One cannot say it was an impressive or edifying death, considering she was unconscious, but it didn't really matter at all. One who is only two inches from heaven can afford to miss out on the final liturgical farewells.

It's her funeral, though, that I really want to tell you about.

A nun's funeral is completely out of the hands of the relatives and this, I daresay, is why it is so simple and beautiful. I can't speak for the other relatives, but, for me, her funeral—standing out in bright contrast to the hushed and lugubrious affairs I'd hitherto attended—lessened my own fear of death about eighty-five per cent. One had only to glance at the serene and openly smiling faces of the infirmiry nuns to catch the Easter spirit. (At other funerals, the "Hallelujah, He is risen" words were spoken, but the fearful and stricken faces gave it the lie. Or perhaps they lacked the holy boldness to dare be happy in their belief?)

THESE elderly and ailing nuns would creep into the parlor and lovingly, almost enviously, pat her cheek and murmur: "Isn't she *lovely*?"

("Ye, who have understood,

Be not afraid,

Nor dread,

It is God's kiss. . . . God's kiss that wakes the dead.")

And, over and over again, were the same refrains: "One of the most charitable nuns in the community". . . . "Such cheerful patience". . . . Never, never a cross word or a complaint out of her."

(Shades of "Oh-God-but-I'm-miserable" Uncle Ralph!)

Aunt Bessie's miracle #2, I would say, was that no relatives complained because the funeral Mass was set at 6 A. M. on the coldest day of the year—seven degrees below zero and with the countryside snowbound. No one complained because there wasn't a eulogy. No one blinked an eye at having to walk around her casket in order to reach the Communion rail. No one raised an indignant eyebrow because the pallbearers were just the community gardeners, garbed in ear muffs and lumber jackets. Only one relative insisted on sending a huge spray of carnations (that was promptly unwired and placed in a vase on a side altar.) And, after the funeral, there were no possessions to be divided and argued over.

Mother Superior simply brought a big

Technique



▲ At a social gathering conducted by a dancing academy, one of the mothers noticed that her little daughter had few partners. After they had returned home, she gave the little girl a lecture.

"Boys expect their partners to carry on a conversation while they dance," she concluded. "You'll never get partners if you act like a wooden dummy."

At the next gathering, she noticed that her daughter danced every dance—but always with the same little boy, who tore across the floor and swept her away every time the music started.

Later she complimented the girl on her progress, adding: "But why does the same little boy choose you for every dance?"

"Oh, him!" the little miss replied. "I'm telling him a continued murder mystery."

—Margaret McGreevy

cardboard box down to the parlor and distributed the "estate" herself: some brown and faded family pictures, several crocheted doilies, a worn breviary, a thimble, one of those silly plastic *Worry Birds* (sent to her by a former student), and some black wooden prayer beads. Possessing nothing, she possessed everything.

To Andrew, of course, went the prayer beads. "We know," said Mother Superior, looking up at him with her bright warm eyes, "that Sister would want you to have these." (Poor Andrew! Pocketing the rosary, and miserably aware of the hopeful and childlike strategy, he managed to mumble out of a tight throat: "Well, I still remember how it goes. I promise to say it once, anyway, for Bess.")

The community cemetery is just around the corner, and generally the nuns push the casket, on wheels, down the narrow road themselves. This time, though, the snow was so deep that a hearse was needed. A snowplow had cleared the way, throwing up huge banks of snow on either side, and we—in cars—followed the hearse. As we drove along, the line of walking nuns had to step back into deep drifts and stand at attention as we passed. This needled our souls almost past bearing. We felt like bloated politicians, complete with cigars and limousines, rolling down an avenue lined with frail and frozen angels. Still, an even worse sting awaited us at the cemetery.

Snow trenches had been dug between the rows of graves for the nuns to stand in, and stand they did—all three hundred of them in the bitter cold—while we, perforce, sat comfortably in our cars. Did I say "comfortably"? As my non-Catholic brother said afterward: "I never felt so rotten cheap in all my life. Here I'd served in the South Pacific,

even broken my neck, and I think of myself as a pretty tough guy. So here sits the tough guy in a closed car while all those nuns, just wearing shawls, stood like little tin soldiers in their trenches. Oh, I *know* we couldn't get out—that the car doors wouldn't even open against those high snow banks—but I felt like a perfect lug. I felt like rolling down the window and *diving* into a snowdrift, to show those Catholics that if they could take it, I could, too."

That burial service (as viewed from behind an automobile window) was a mute funeral sermon in itself, in sharp blacks and whites, depicting the Church Militant on earth and the Church Triumphant in heaven. No need for a priest to translate it. There were the rows upon rows of plain small crosses sticking their heads out of the deep blanket of snow and, against this utter whiteness, the rows upon rows of black-garbed nuns. Overhead, the sun shone down so fiercely on the snow—almost blinding in its glittering radiance—that we had to squint our eyes against the brightness.

WELL, I suppose, in a sense, our Sister Vera was just 374 in the Community . . . just another seed being planted in their frozen garden . . . but, in our squinting eyes, we could ill afford the planting. It stripped us of our lone family saint.

Yet if any of the relatives (who possibly thought it all more fearful than wonderful) think that now they're *safe* from prayers, with the family nun gone, they may be in for a surprise. Little do they know that crippled Sister Vera will now be an agile triple-threat man. And little do they know that the 1300 members of the Holy Cross community must offer prayers not only for their deceased sister in Christ but *for her relatives*!

Pray on, community, pray on!



Almost never off his motorbike



Father Motzki's Motorbike

Left, Father Motzki outside Lutheran Church which he uses for one Mass. Below, he packs Mass kit.





Between Masses Father Motzki wins a smile from two fatherless children while mother looks on.



Father eats his first solid food at 6 P.M., and then reads and studies in his one-room home.

• Father Motzki is almost never off his motorbike. He celebrates Mass in eight Mass stations and gives religious instruction in thirteen other centers. His flock is dispossessed and destitute. Father Motzki, along with thousands of other displaced and expelled priests, is spared none of the sufferings of war and postwar—expulsion, hunger, and homelessness.

The parish and parishioners of Father Francis Motzki were casualties of the handing over of East Prussia to the Soviets. Driven "like loose grains of sand over the face of the earth," men, women, and children try to find a way of surviving when dumped heartlessly and planlessly in strange surroundings, amidst strangers. The task of the uprooted priest is not just to manage a way of survival for himself, but

rather to bring Christ to the disinherited. Worn out, shelterless himself, he must yet be a tower of strength to helpless human beings whose spirits and bodies have been strained almost beyond endurance.

How do uprooted priests fulfill their ministry without churches, rectories, or schools? Here is a typical Sunday for Father Motzki—ministering to expelled Catholics in Schleswig-Holstein, near the border of Denmark.

It is for the shelterless, the hungry, the fatherless that Catholics are asked to give on Laetare Sunday, March 4, through their parishes, to the Bishops' Fund for Victims of War. Help from a merciful Hierarchy goes to D.P. camps, expellee camps, Near East refugees, and Korean refugees.

— A Sign Picture Article —

A sermon at Mass in a schoolroom. Teacher's desk covered with a sheet, decorated with flowers, serves as the altar.



THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Autopsy

Does the Catholic Church object to autopsy?—R. M.,
BRISTOL, CONN.

No—provided there is sufficient reason for a post-mortem examination. Nor is there any contradiction between this permissive attitude and official, Catholic respect for the bodily remains of a departed soul. The Church is second to none in upholding the dignity of the human body as the mortal "temple of the Holy Ghost," destined for ultimate immortality. But a justifiable autopsy involves no desecration of the human body. Presumably, a post-mortem is supplementary to lifetime diagnosis, and is intended as an aid to medical science, or to justice. By advancing pathology, autopsies can contribute much to the lessening of human suffering and the prolongation of life.

Even the civil law is a safeguard against abuse in this matter, for, with the exception of unclaimed bodies, autopsies are not permitted without permission of the nearest of kin. A criminal investigation, in the interests of justice, might entail exhumation as a preliminary to an autopsy; in such cases, permission of the civil authorities is requisite, as well as ecclesiastical permission (Code of Canon Law # 1214).

It is educational to realize that the Church has always been consistently liberal in recognizing sufficient reasons for post-mortem examination. Prior to the nineteenth century, the pioneer scholars in anatomy and pathology were constrained to work in Italy and the Papal States. Examples are Vesalius, known as the Father of Anatomy, and Linacre, the founder of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Ultraconservatism in this connection was typical of Protestantism and—in this country—of American Puritanism. Medical students were regarded as ghouls and in many of our cities had to barricade themselves against the onslaught of mobs. In a memoir on the subject of this inquiry, Dr. James J. Walsh records that a Catholic physician, a prominent member of the staff of Harvard Medical School, provided a Mass for the repose of the soul of every unclaimed body which found its way from a mortuary or potter's field to the research laboratories under his direction.

Purgatory

How can I convince a non-Catholic friend that there is a Purgatory? It is very important to me, also.—M. S., ST.
PAUL, MINN.

In all probability, you mean that Purgatory is important to you; we assume that, as a Catholic, you need no convincing. In endeavoring to prove the truth of a Catholic belief, argument must be adapted to an inquirer's state of mind. Your friend would hardly rest content with what we Catholics accept—the infallible assurance of the Teaching Church. The infallible Church, of course, only interprets, clarifies, and emphasizes what is already revealed by God. However, we acknowledge two sources of divine revelation—both the writ-

ten Scriptures and a Tradition which was originally oral and unwritten. Most non-Catholic Christians repudiate Tradition as a source of divine revelation, even though that rejection is obviously condemned in the Scriptures! But Catholic teaching on the subject of Purgatory is well bolstered both by Tradition and Scripture.

The term "purgatory" bespeaks purgation or purification. By Purgatory, a Catholic understands both a place of detention and a state of suffering, whereby the departed souls of the just undergo expiation for unforgiven venial sins, also for the cancellation of the debt of punishment still outstanding for any personal sins, and for the purgation of sinful habits.

The fact of Purgatory, and the feasibility of our suffrage in behalf of the souls there detained, is an article of divine and Catholic faith. This truth is a matter of divine faith, because revealed by God Himself; it is also a point of Catholic faith, because officially promulgated by the infallible Church as having been revealed by God.

The faith of the Church is officially promulgated by the declarations of three General Councils—II Lyons (1274), Florence (1445), and Trent (1563). These Councils did not "manufacture" a new belief, but testified to a faith dating back even to Old Testament times. We recommend that your friend consult a Catholic bible and read thoughtfully the following excerpt from the Second Book of Machabees: "Betaking themselves to prayers, they besought Him that the sin which had been committed might be forgotten. He (Judas Machabeus) sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. If he had not hoped that they who were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. Because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins" (12:42-46).

Obviously, the sinful deceased belonged to that "middle class" who, before God, deserve neither everlasting exile from heaven nor immediate admittance to heaven. They had sinned; at the close of probation, their sin was either unforgiven or at least unatoned; their debt would be liquidated vicariously by the suffrage of others. That there are sinful debts which should be and can be remitted after death is clear from the New Testament also. Consult Matt. 12:32; also 1 Cor. 3:10-19. That a definite and consistent belief in Purgatory was part and parcel of the faith of all Christians is clear from the testimony of the earliest Fathers of the Church—witnesses respected even by non-Catholic Christians of today. Denial of this belief came into vogue only when mutineers endeavored to scuttle the "bark of Peter."

Divine justice, which cannot be thwarted, suggests the congruity of a purgatory. Aside from revealed information, human reason argues the existence of God, plus the fact that

we must look to Him for reward or punishment. Damnation is the price of grave sin. Without Purgatory, what deterrent would there be against venial sin? Without Purgatory, what basis would there be for hope, for the countless "middle class" souls who crave heaven? What basis for consolation, for their bereaved relatives and friends? Catholic belief in Purgatory is not only well bolstered by rational faith and reason: it represents a divinely ingenious blend of justice and mercy.

Protonotary Apostolic

Please explain the honor bestowed recently upon many priests in this country.—J. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Protonotary Apostolic is a monsignor who has been honored by the Holy Father with this distinctive title and with corresponding privileges. In general, a notary is an official witness. *Proto* is derived from the Greek, and is used in English as a prefix to convey the idea of "first" or "earliest." Hence, the title "Protonotary Apostolic" signifies a top-ranking notary accredited to the Holy See.

The office of the papal notary originated in the first century, during the pontificate of Pope St. Clement, who appointed seven notaries to gather reliable information on the early martyrs of the Church. At the present day, these dignitaries are divided into four classes, according to their duties; their privileges vary in proportion. In general, a monsignor who is a Protonotary Apostolic is entitled to pontificate several times yearly, after the manner of a bishop, at solemn Mass and Vespers. On such occasions, he wears insignia similar to those of a bishop—a mitre of white damask, a pectoral cross without a precious stone, a ring with one stone. At the funeral of a bishop, he may be included among the five who pronounce the customary absolution after the Mass. The initials indicative of his rank, are: *P. A.*

Permanent Pastors

What is meant by an unmovable pastor?—H. L. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Some parishes have the distinction of ranking as more permanent assignments than others. When a parish priest is appointed by the bishop of the diocese as pastor of such a parish, he is classified as an irremovable parish priest. His pastoral status is indicated by the initials *I. P. P.*, placed after his name, as an abbreviation for Irremovable Parish Priest.

When the tenure of a pastorate is said to be permanent, it is not implied that a transfer is impossible under any circumstances. A transfer to a more desirable parish would be a promotion, not a demotion. If circumstances so warrant, out-and-out removal is feasible. Examples of urgent circumstances would be a pastor's chronic disability, either physical or mental, particularly if his responsibilities cannot be shouldered by an assistant priest; also, a serious and persistent feudal spirit on the part of parishioners, such as would gravely hamper or thwart altogether the proper service of the parish. The ancient motto: "The salvation of souls, the supreme law," expresses the norm for all pastoral assignments and transfers. When a pastor is a member of a religious order, his assignment has to be approved by both the bishop of the diocese and his own religious superior; his appointment can be terminated by either official.

Conflict with Fast?

Is it allowable to brush one's teeth while fasting for Holy Communion?—N. F., NEWARK, N. J.

It is not only allowable to do so, but enthusiastically commendable. Don't hesitate to use dentifrice, either with a brush or as a rinse. The danger of breaking one's fast is negligible.

Cardinal Richelieu

A friend of mine alleges that the famous Richelieu, Prime Minister of France, was a layman, and although never ordained a priest, was made a bishop and a cardinal? Is that so?—J. K., BRISTOL, N. H.

According to present legislation, a man must be at least a priest, in order to be eligible for designation as a cardinal. However, prior to 1918, the priesthood was not a prerequisite. Ercole Cardinal Consalvi, Secretary of State under Pope Pius VII, and James Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State under Pope Pius IX, were not priests. Cardinal Richelieu was a priest. He made his preparatory studies under the Bishop of Aire. In 1607, he was consecrated a bishop, succeeding his brother, Alfred, as Bishop of Lucon. No one is elevated to the episcopacy without having first received the Holy Order of priesthood. No one can be a bishop, or even a priest, and a layman at the same time.

Workingman's Privilege

My next-door neighbor claims that the workingman's privilege of eating meat once daily, on days of abstinence, holds good only for men who have to do exhausting manual labor. If so, as a physician, I and my family with me, have to abstain.—M. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

It would be interesting to know whether your neighborly adviser is a "white collar" worker, or the equivalent of a sandhog.

The concession known as the "Workingman's Privilege," for the benefit of American Catholics, was granted originally in 1895, and is renewable to the bishops of the country, every ten years. Those to whom the privilege applies are permitted to partake of meat once a day, at the principal meal (either at noon or in the evening,) on days of fast and abstinence, always excepting Fridays, Ash Wednesday, and the forenoon of Saturday in Holy Week, and Christmas Eve. The considerate charity of Church authorities in this matter is highlighted by the extension of the concession to all members of the workingman's family. This spirit of charity is also a key to a balanced interpretation of what is to be understood by the term "workingman."

Other things being equal, females are entitled to the privilege, as well as males; also, those under twenty-one years of age as well as those who, according to Common Law, have attained adulthood. According to the decree of 1895, the dispensation applies in whatever circumstances of person and place, wherein the observance of the law would constitute a real difficulty. The decree does insist upon honest-to-goodness difficulty, but does not use the term *hardship*. Church laws do not bespeak an endurance contest or a "survival of the fittest." Miners, lumberjacks, and the like are not the only workers who are susceptible to considerable fatigue and weakness. Hence, it is ridiculous to maintain that the privilege is restricted to manual toilers. As a matter of fact, those engaged in arduous labor, such as those listed above, do not even need a dispensation—such laborers are excused from a law which does not even apply to them. One whose occupation is less strenuous, but who would experience physical or/and nervous exhaustion without normal nourishment, is entitled to the dispensation. Hence, the mother of a family—aside from the occupation of her husband; professional workers, such as physicians, nurses, professors; briefly—all whose work entails considerable physical or nervous taxation, are intended as beneficiaries of the dispensation. In doubt, consult your parish priest or confessor. Aside from how your occupation may be classified in the census books, the salient question is: Do you work hard? In forming a prudent judgment, other factors are always to be considered, such as climate, health; on occasion, a circumstance such as food rationing.

Holy Thursday Pilgrimage?

How about the practice of visiting seven churches with repository altars, on Holy Thursday?—C. S. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

The most reliable source of information is *The Raccolta*, or collection of all prayers and devotions enriched with Papal indulgences. However, in the most up-to-date English translation, as authorized by the Holy See in 1941, there is no listing of this devotion. There are liberal indulgences attached to the visiting of the "Seven Altars" of the Vatican Basilica, also to the "pilgrimage" to the "Seven Churches" of the Eternal City. Among the very numerous indulgences listed, in connection with visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the following are pertinent to Holy Thursday and Good Friday. Whoever devoutly prays the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father*, five times each, in thanksgiving for the Holy Eucharist—adding the same prayers once each for the intentions of the Holy Father, can gain an indulgence of fifteen years, and under the usual conditions, a plenary indulgence on each of the two days.

Beardless Clergy

Are the Catholic clergy forbidden to wear beards?—B. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.

On this point, there is no legislation in the Church's Code of Canon Law. However, a custom—dating back to the seventeenth century—has the force of unwritten law, whereby the beard is proscribed for the clergy of the Latin or Western Church. Exceptional cases are members of those religious orders for whom the beard is a long-standing custom, and individuals for whom a beard would be advantageous for reasons of health.

MRA

What is to be thought of M R A?—G. H. M., WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

M R A stands for Moral Re-Armament, the code word of the so-called Buchmanites, alias the Oxford Groups, alias the First Century Christian Fellowship. During World Wars I and II, the movement attained tidal waves of popularity, inasmuch as it came in handy for the stimulation of patriotism and of that ersatz "peptomism" sometimes mistaken for morale. To read favorably edited accounts of this faddish movement, one would think Christianity had been practically untried until 1909, A. D.

This travesty of religion was originated by a former Lutheran minister—Frank Buchman, by name—at Princeton, N. J. He caught his inspiration from a female preacher, while visiting England, as he sat in on one of her revivalist meetings. Apparently, the preacher had a psychological magnetism, similar to that of Aimee Semple McPherson and Gipsy Smith. Upon his return to the States, Buchman applied her emotional technique to small groups, known as "house parties." A typical feature of the gatherings was a public confession of personal sins. Later on, the *Times* of London was to observe that this hawking of personal disrepute only tended to beget pride in the one admitting or claiming the wild oats, and to besmirch the minds of the morbid listeners. It is not surprising that that sort of thing—a shameless self-psychoanalysis—led to the suppression of Buchmanism "house parties" at Princeton.

An American publication renowned for its frankness has referred to M R A as a form of evangelism combining the features of mesmerism, spiritualism, eroticism, psychoanalysis, and high-power salesmanship. Upon returning to England, in 1928, Buchman renamed his followers "Oxford Groups," to the dismay of all who respect the original Oxford Movement, associated with names such as that of the eminent

Cardinal Newman. Close-range and thoughtful observers of Buchmanism are well spoken for by a certain Anglican clergyman: "We are filled with grave misgivings about this cult, which we have watched closely for five years; and our misgivings are shared by practically all religious leaders and responsible persons in the University."

Propounders of M R A claim to foster, as an objective, the "Four Absolutes"—honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. However, neither the means employed nor the emotional expression of the means is conducive to the attainment of their dream. Catholics ambition the same objectives, plus many more. But we know better than to depend on individual vagaries, private judgment, emotional feeling, momentary caprice, and the like, as norms for guidance by the Holy Spirit! Nor need we grope. For moral armament, we need no stimulus of Buchmanlike excitement, such as exemplified within the past year or so, by the American college co-eds who made such fools of themselves. Catholicity and so-called Princeton-Oxford M R A are thoroughly incompatible. Were it not that we seem to be on the verge of World War III, we would begrudge "Sign Post" space to M R A; but a period of emergency and tragedy would be the worst time to be taken in by this pseudo religion.

Relics

I have a relic, enclosed in a metal case, fronted with glass. An inscription reads: "S. Birgittae, Vid." Please explain.—A. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A relic is, in a dignified sense of the term, a souvenir of a holy person or place. Relics are precious and worthy of veneration, in ratio to the sanctity of the persons commemorated, and in ratio to the quality of the relics. For example, the most precious and venerable relic is the True Cross, upon which Our Divine Saviour suffered unto death. Usually, a relic of the Cross is enclosed in the pectoral cross worn by bishops. The head or the heart of a saint would outrank a tiny piece of bone; any relic taken from a saint's body would be superior to an article of his personal clothing or to soil from his grave.

The custody and veneration of relics is regulated with meticulous care by the Church's Code of Canon Law, with a view to the insurance of due respect and the avoidance of fraud. It pertains solely to the authorities of a diocese, and to designated officials of religious orders, to certify to the genuineness of relics. Duly certified relics are sealed with wax and officially stamped, whether affixed to a durable card or enclosed in a reliquary such as you describe. In the latter case, the relic should be attested to by a document known as an "authentic." Without this document of identification, no relic may be exhibited for public veneration.

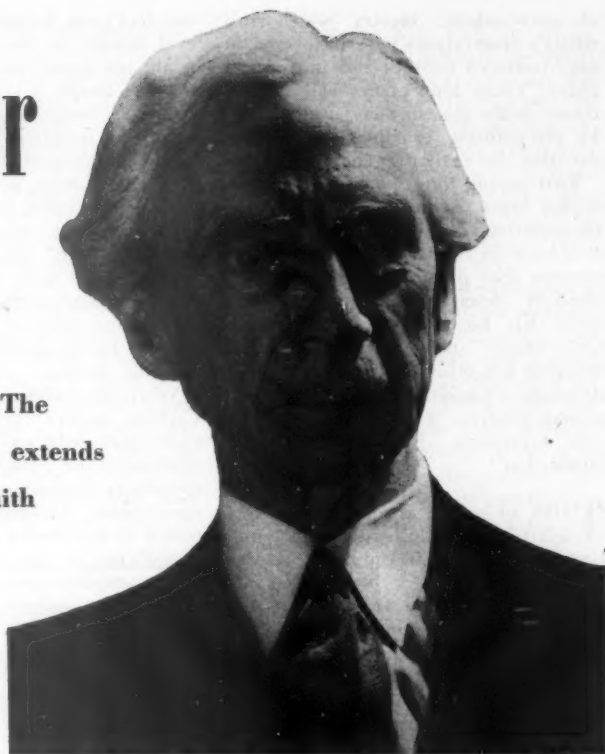
The tiny inscription enclosed within your relic case is in Latin and means, in English: "Of St. Bridget, Widow." St. Bridget is considered the most famous saint of the Scandinavian countries; one of her eight children became St. Catherine of Sweden. After the death of her saintly husband, St. Bridget founded the religious Order of St. Savior, known popularly as the Brigittines; she was canonized in the year 1391, by Pope Boniface IX.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience—especially marriage cases—should be referred to one's pastor or confessor.

Every Professor a Pope

The infallibility of the Pope is limited. The
infallibility of the anti-Catholic bigots extends
to all things—even the Catholic Faith

by **VINCENT W. HARTNETT**



Lord Bertrand Russell

Wide World

ONE of the most ridiculous, yet dangerous, aspects of anti-Catholic bigotry is the manner in which intellectuals who attack the Church for claiming infallibility in a certain limited sphere, themselves assume infallibility on the most diverse subjects. This phenomenon is nowhere more apparent than among professors, guest lecturers, and those who specialize in pat solutions for world problems.

Lecturing before the faculty and students of Columbia University shortly after he had won a 1950 Nobel Prize, Lord Bertrand Russell, renowned co-author of *Principia Mathematica* and pundit on sex, delivered himself of a noteworthy batch of such *ex cathedra* pronouncements.

It was "a dangerous error," he declared, "to think that the evils of Communism can be combated by Catholicism." He outlined the evils of Communism (sic) as follows:

"Adherence to a rigid and static system of doctrine, of which part is doubtful and part demonstrably false; persecution as a means of enforcing orthodoxy; a belief that salvation is only to be found within the Church and that the True Faith must be spread throughout the world, by force if necessary; that the priesthood, which alone has the right to interpret the Scriptures, has enormous power, physical east of the Iron Curtain, and spiritual over the faithful *in partibus*; that this power is used to secure an undue share of wealth for the priesthood at the expense of the rest of the population; and that

bigotry, and the hostility that it engenders, is a potent source of war."

A thoughtful listener, puzzled by this description of the evils of Communism, might have suspected that Lord Russell was setting up a straw man. And, of course, he was.

"Every one of these evils," the professional iconoclast declared with solemn assurance, "was exhibited by the Catholic Church when it had power, and would probably be exhibited again if it recovered the position it had in the Middle Ages. It is, therefore, irrational to suppose that much would be gained if, in the defeat of Communism, Catholicism were enthroned in its place."

Obviously, there are certain dogmatic statements here which an informed Catholic would immediately brand as false. Even intelligent non-Catholics would not accept them without proof. For one thing, if Catholic doctrine were "part doubtful and part demonstrably false," as Lord Russell intimated, no one of sound mind would ever have subscribed to it. On the contrary, it is a historical fact that innumerable men of genius have been convinced Catholics.

Needless to say, Lord Russell—in the fashion of bigots—did not offer proof of his pat propositions. This assumption of

the role of Delphic oracle was all the more inexcusable when he stated Catholicism taught that salvation was to be found only within the Church, in the narrow sense of "Church" which Lord Russell obviously intended. The recent Feeney case in Boston had attracted international attention to the authentic Catholic doctrine: that sincere, good-living non-Catholics certainly may find salvation, being considered part of the "soul" of the Church.

It is bad enough when anti-Catholic bigots assume infallibility when speaking on secular matters; when they usurp the role of the Sovereign Pontiff and attempt to tell Catholics what the Faith is, their gall is almost unendurable. Lord Russell vehemently refuses to grant that the Pope may be inerrant when speaking *ex cathedra*. Yet he himself, with big-mouthed self-assurance, lays it down that the Church, if it recovered the position it had in the Middle Ages, would probably feel an obligation to spread the True Faith throughout the world by force, if necessary. Anyone, Catholic or non-Catholic, familiar with orthodox theological teaching about the inviolability of internal assent would know that Russell was talking rubbish.

Bertrand Russell's pontifical attacks upon the Church have been noted in some detail because they clearly exemplify one of the four phases or aspects

BIGOTRY IN THE U.S.A.

of anti-Catholic bigotry which this writer's observations have uncovered in our American colleges and universities today. These four phases will be discussed in the present essay, not so much by pin-pointing examples as by summarizing and analyzing general attitudes.

First among those phases, in chronological order, is the one which reflects the positivism of the nineteenth century. It is built on an attitude of mind which assumes that physical science has conclusively demonstrated the spiritual order has no foundation in reality. Only matter and motion really exist. Religion is a delusion. It is a dangerous delusion, a parasitic growth obstructing human progress. The Catholic Church, par excellence, is the enemy of civilization.

THIS, of course, is more or less the spirit of the "Enlightenment" and Grand Orient Freemasonry. It is an exemplification of sheer bigotry, an obstinate and intolerant attitude of mind, for it begins by assuming the validity of a certain method of investigation (the laboratory method), and then concludes—without warrant—that nothing really exists save that which may be established by this method. Because there is in man an altruistic drive which may not be ignored, the positivists make room for a fuzzy, humanitarian religion. In this religion, however, there is no place for supernaturalism, much less for the Catholic Church.

This form of "scientific" atheistic anti-Catholicism appears to be relatively unimportant and rather outmoded in America today. True, there are still some professors who have a compulsion to belittle the faith of their Catholic students. They attempt to demolish Catholicism on dogmatic grounds, by "disproving" the existence of God, of a spiritual principle in man, of an after-life, and so on. One professor in a leading Eastern university delighted in holding up as an example of a "liberated mind" a girl student who had apostatized.

In the second stage we see tolerance and broadmindedness at work. The professor may still assume that the supernatural order has no objective foundation. But he is no longer a militant atheist. He is willing to admit that religion, even the Catholic religion, has had and still can have a beneficent influence both on his students and on society. The Church inculcates honesty, truthfulness, charity toward one's fellow man, respect for authority, family spirit, and so on. Going to church makes

one feel good. Religion (even the medieval practice of confessing to a priest) is an emotional safety valve, a harmless form of escape, a kind of bargain-basement psychiatric treatment. And so religion has its place, though the precise brand is unimportant.

This, of course, is the general American attitude today, both on and off the campus. It is charmingly exemplified in the "Mr. Chips" type of professor, with charity in his heart toward all. Not so much the fear of disciplinary action as an urbane decency prompts him to respect the religious sensibilities of his Catholic students.

Where he collides with the faith of a Catholic student, such a professor generally does so because of ignorance, not intolerance or obstinacy. An example frequently encountered is based on the assumption, fostered by "historical" novels of the Sholem Asch variety, that Catholicism is "the religion of Paul," as distinguished from the "simpler, non-authoritarian religion of Jesus." Professors of history or of religion who tangle with Catholic students on this score are usually not bigoted, in the

• A statesman is a politician who is held upright by equal pressure from all directions.

—ERIC JOHNSTON

strict sense. If their students were able to point out to them the Scriptural proofs for the foundation of the Church by Christ, they would probably listen with open minds. But, unfortunately, their students, precisely because they are doing their higher studies in a non-Catholic college, are themselves not familiar with the proofs.

A cultural lag also enters in here. Many of our most influential professors received their own higher education when certain now-outmoded postulates of the German school of "higher criticism" were in vogue. One of these postulates was the alleged conflict between the "religion of Jesus" and the "religion of Paul." Another was the theory that most, if not all, of the books of the New Testament were not valid historical documents. This theory was abandoned by the leading Continental Scriptural scholars, both Protestant and agnostic, at least thirty years ago. But because of a cultural lag, probably most full professors in our secular colleges and universities still regard the New Testament as a collection of pious myths and legends, useful for inculcating moral lessons, but hardly a scholarly, historical basis for Catholic claims.

There is, of course, a serious danger in this error. Such professors are not militantly anti-Catholic. But their good-natured air of condescending tolerance

tends to weaken the faith of Catholic students, who—like most pupils—are driven by a powerful urge to be considered intellectually mature, which in this case means to be like the professors.

This second phase of anti-Catholicism, misinformed but not obstinate, pontifical yet tolerant, disbelieving and tending to destroy belief without meaning to do so, seems to be the most prevalent one in our secular institutions of higher learning at the present time. Now and then it is tinged by a vague fear of "Catholic power," a fear which may inspire quotas for Catholic students.

Probably the most important survey of such quotas was that made by Elmo Roper two years ago. In a report based on this survey, the American Council on Education stated on March 16, 1949, that liberal arts colleges practiced unfair discrimination in admission of applicants. The report indicated that only 71 per cent of Catholic students in college were attending their first-choice school, as against 82 per cent of the Protestants. (Jewish students, the report noted, were discriminated against even more sharply.)

Such discrimination often expresses itself with respect to national origin, which may coincide with Church affiliation. Thus, the Connecticut State Interracial Commission, in April, 1949, reported evidence of discrimination against Italians, as well as against Catholics as such. Other surveys have indicated discrimination against applicants with Irish names.

Yielding to the prevailing tolerance of our times, often enforced by legislation, the quota system is slowly but surely vanishing. Credit for much of the improvement must be given to various Jewish groups, and to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whose efforts for their own constituents have benefited Catholics in the process.

FAR more dangerous than either of the preceding phases is the third form of anti-Catholic bigotry, which is found chiefly in our teachers' colleges and in schools of social studies. This marks a return to militant bigotry. But the attack is no longer on the field of dogma. The battle is fought in the realm of politics and sociology, and especially with reference to measures for "improving" the population: wider distribution of property, free public education, more rigid eugenic standards for those contemplating marriage, relaxation of divorce laws, sterilization of the "unfit," birth control, abortion, and (rarely) euthanasia.

The attitude is completely materialistic, like that of the positivists. But whereas the positivists were hypnotized

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by the glitter of physical science, and paid only a vague worship to the religion of humanity, their intellectual offspring today are preoccupied with social planning. For them, to quote one of their pundits, "knowledge has value only insofar as it contributes to social progress." Professors of this school, and their ranks are increasing, tend to make a religion of democracy and the cause of their demigod, the "common man."

Crusading for their brave new world, the high priests of this cult *a priori* reject the possibility that there is a supernatural order. Their framework is entirely materialistic. Their goal is a super-race, inhabiting a heaven on earth, a world free of poverty, disease, and war. This utopia is to be won by "science" (physical science and technology,) operating in a "democratic" (that is, socialist) society.

known before, provided three conditions are met: abolition of war, even distribution of ultimate power, and limitation of the growth of population. If democracy, trade unionism, and birth control, he assures his followers, can be extended to the entire world as it becomes industrialized, and if the danger of great wars can be eliminated, then poverty can be abolished and excessive hours of labor will no longer be necessary anywhere.

The idea of improving the lot of humanity here below is without doubt a noble one. The Catholic Church is entirely in accord with it. But it is evident that there are several areas of collision between the Church (or indeed any orthodox Protestant or Jewish group) and the materialistic social planners. These areas extend both to the goal and the means to attain it.

their proponents with such an air of omniscience and infallibility that anyone who challenges them runs the risk of being smeared as "reactionary" or "undemocratic." It is hardly self-evident, for example, that democracy is here and now the best possible form of government for all peoples everywhere. But it is a safe bet that a student who challenged his socialist professor on this point would be labeled a Fascist.

In one of our largest universities, students of a certain illustrious professor teaching Foundations of Philosophy say, half-seriously, that if you mention democracy often enough in classroom discussions and in your quiz papers, you get an "A." But the same professor hardly practices what he preaches so confidently. He tells his students unblushingly: "I want you to answer these questions as I would answer them, not as you would."

In spite of the growing articulateness of spokesmen of this third school of anti-Catholicism, there is a new light on the horizon which gives promise of a brighter tomorrow. This emanates from the growing ranks of college and university professors who are profoundly dissatisfied with bourgeois society, but who are just as profoundly convinced that materialism has failed. Many of these intellectuals were former socialists. Some followed materialistic socialism to its logical conclusion and became Marxian Communists. But the realities of Communism, as exemplified in the U.S.S.R., disillusioned them.

These men have a social conscience. They are profoundly concerned about the ills of our society. They wish to do all in their power to ameliorate those ills. But they conceive that social planning must be accompanied by spiritual restoration.

These professors, some of whom are experiencing almost an agony of intellectual and spiritual ferment, at times castigate the Church. Perhaps these professors, like others, at times tend to assume personal infallibility. But they are not bigots. Some of them, like Dr. Mackay (who wrote *On The Nature of the Cross and Sacrifice*), are truly religious. Perhaps their criticism of the Church, however sharp, is the best service they can render us, and part of a Providential plan. For they point relentlessly to some of the festering sores in the Mystical Body of Christ, and demand that we heal them.

The coming struggle, the writer believes, is not so much between the Church and Communism as between the Church and deified, materialistic socialism or secularistic democracy. In this struggle we may find that our critics of the fourth phase of anti-Catholicism will prove staunch allies.



**The Reverend
John A. Mackay,
a sharp but
honest critic**

**Professor John
Dewey, advocate
of a secularist
democracy**



Religious News and Wide World photos

Chief spokesman and rallying point for this school is the League for Industrial Democracy, whose honorary president is John Dewey, professor emeritus of Columbia University, and father of progressive education. The League boasts of being "one of America's foremost educational institutions committed to the steady enlargement of human freedom and social welfare." Its Executive Director is Dr. Harry W. Laidler. Many of its officers are renowned educators. It actively solicits student members.

"Our greatest educational task . . . is before us," Dr. Laidler writes. "In the college world, two and a half million young people on the campuses are today groping for light on problems of democratic social change. . . . They are bewildered. Students are looking to democratic organizations, like the League, for enlightenment and guidance."

One of the idols of League members is Bertrand Russell, some of whose pontifications have already been noted. Lord Russell believes that science offers the possibility of far greater well-being for the human race than has ever been

In the first place, these social planners envisage the goal as a human utopia. Death, for them, is the end of everything. The Church, of course, holds that man's ultimate goal is union with God in an afterlife. That society is best which best helps man attain that ultimate goal. Democracy, industrialization, and planning, are means, and means which must be measured by a divine yardstick: just how will they help insure temporal peace and prosperity, and eternal salvation?

It is evident that there are essential points of conflict here. It is even more evident that specific measures vociferously advocated by the social planners, measures based on their assumption that man is no more than a higher animal, will conflict with Catholic insistence that the natural and the divine positive laws forbid artificial birth control, materialistic sex education, divorce, abortion and so on.

What may not be so evident is that many of the assumptions of this secularist-socialist school want a great deal of proving, though they are proclaimed by





"Is it to yourself ye are speaking, Mrs. Shaughnessy, or to us?"

After many silent years

Unlovely and unloved, Hannah went her lonely way. For a memory and a hope held all the happiness she wanted

by **MARTHA MCCARTHY**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. RUTHERFORD

THERE do be a great power coming from the sea. The roaring of its waters is in your ears, the taste of its salt is on your lips, the smell of its cleanness is with you no matter the wind, and when you go out from the town, and down to the beach, you can feel the push and the pull of it on the earth, and the rhythm of it goes up through your feet, and into your body, till it's like another heart that's beating in you, and not your own at all, but a stronger one, and larger. Ay, there do be a great power coming from the sea."

Hannah Shaughnessy spoke these words softly, as she looked through the window to the ocean, half a mile away.

The eyes of Hannah, set in deep, bony sockets, were dark and quiet; there was a stern strength in the ugliness of her large, crooked features.

At the table behind her, Mrs. Flynn, the housemaid, was cleaning silver, and Mr. Jeffries, gardener and handy man, was drinking tea.

"Is it to yourself ye are speaking, Mrs. Shaughnessy, or to us?" asked Mrs. Flynn, winking at Jeffries.

Hannah didn't answer, but turned from the window, and left the room with neither a look nor a word for her two companions. It was as though they weren't there at all.

They listened to her heavy feet pound-

Rutherford

ing up the back stairs and moving about in the room over the kitchen.

"The old horse face," grumbled Mrs. Flynn, "she gets queerer all the time. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Jeffries?"

"She does that," agreed the old man, "it's all the books she's reading night after night. She's got the touch, that's what she's got, with all the years of reading she's put in, and never mingling with her fellow men."

Reaching for a currant cake he added, "She's a good cook though." And biting into it repeated, "A very good cook she is, Mrs. Flynn."

Mrs. Flynn merely shrugged her shoulders. Not even to Mr. Jeffries could she admit there was anything "good" about Mrs. Shaughnessy. The two women had worked side by side in the Reynolds' household for twenty years, and they were not friends. Hannah was friend to no one in the small New England village, and to Mrs. Flynn, she was as a splinter under the thumbnail.

A friendly woman, Mrs. Flynn, and fond of good talk and strong tea. Mrs. Shaughnessy would share the tea, but not the talk. For days at a time, there wouldn't be a word out of her, save for the necessary yes, and no, and when she did speak, it would be a strange gibberish that Mrs. Flynn could not understand.

"Did you never think how, if it had not rained on a certain day, you wouldn't have gone the way you did, but another way, and you would have lived a different life? The rain touches you and urges you one way, but it's always in yourself to decide whether you'll go the way the rain drives you, or whether you'll go against the rain. And whichever you do, there's forever the wonder at where the other road would have led, and which of the many lives you have in you to live, would have been lived."

AT such times, Mrs. Flynn had the feeling the woman wasn't really talking to her, and she preferred the long silences to these occasional, curious soliloquies.

Hannah Shaughnessy was a widow, and that was all anyone in Leeds-by-the-Sea knew about her past life. How her husband had died, or when, or if there had ever been any children, no one knew.

Only once did Mrs. Flynn question her, and she would never forget the look in Hannah's dark eyes nor the harsh anger in her voice.

"What my life has been is no concern of any in this town. Not yours, nor Mrs. Reynolds, nor the pastor down at the church. So ye needn't be questioning me, Mrs. Flynn, because I'll not be answering you. We have our living to earn in this house, so you do your work,

and I'll do mine, and there'll be peace between us."

A secretive, hostile woman was Hannah Shaughnessy, and worse than that, she was the stingiest person Mrs. Flynn had ever known. And stinginess was the eighth capital sin, in Mrs. Flynn's reckoning.

"Oh, Mr. Jeffries, I'm that humiliated to be seen with her going to Mass of a morning, great, hulking thing that she is, and looking worse than a freak in the clothes she buys from the Salvation Army. And not a penny, not a penny, Mr. Jeffries, does she put in the collection box! There she is, drawing her good wages month in and month out, and her with neither chick nor child nor kin to be saving for. Oh, but what's the use of talking, she's the meanest woman I've ever known, and the ugliest—though God knows she can't help her face."

Books from the public library, walks on the beach, the free concerts in the summer; these made up the life of Han-

• Don't fashion your own crosses.
Christ was well schooled in carpentry.

—DOROTHY KING

nah Shaughnessy, with her work and daily Mass completing it.

Except for the first Thursdays.

On the first Thursday of every month, Hannah spent money. She spent money to ride away on a bus, and it was usually after midnight when she returned.

Why would a woman like Hannah Shaughnessy be going once every month, inland to the city? And what would she be doing all the day long and into the night? Mrs. Flynn wouldn't hazard a guess, but Mr. Jeffries was of the opinion the woman had investments, and she had to go once a month and look after them.

Mr. Jeffries slowly munched the last currant cake, and Mrs. Flynn leisurely polished the silver. There was no dinner to serve this night; the Reynolds were dining at the country club. They could all relax for once. It was a treat.

Hannah was coming down the stairs, clomp, clomp, clomp. The very sound of her footsteps grated on Mrs. Flynn's nerves. She rubbed the silver more vigorously and looked up, frowning, as Hannah paused in the doorway.

Hannah was dressed in a heavy, black coat, that was too tight across the shoulders. Her thick, gray hair was hidden beneath a worn, wool beret. She was carrying a small satchel.

"I'm going now, Mrs. Flynn, but I'll try to be back in time to fix breakfast on Friday." She spoke matter-of-factly.

Mrs. Flynn paused in her work and stared in amazement. The pattern of twenty years was broken. It was Wednes-

day night, and Mrs. Shaughnessy was leaving, and tomorrow wasn't even the first Thursday, but the second!

"Good-by to you, Mrs. Flynn, and to you, Mr. Jeffries."

The two mumbled good-bys, and then were alone again, watching the woman hurrying down the road, her shoulders bent against the wind that was whipping the skirt of her coat into fat, grotesque forms.

"Now what do you suppose she is up to?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

Mr. Jeffries looked very wise as he answered, "Oh, but she's a sly one, Mrs. Flynn, she's a sly one."

HANNAH loved the big, shiny buses. They were strong, swift things, and the seats were that soft they would bring great ease to a tired body, and there was a little lever you could push and they would slant back, and it was very luxurious. You could lie back and relax and shut out all the world. You could dream great dreams and pretend you were not you, but another Hannah, with another life, and you were going to a different place, and not the place you were going to.

Sometimes you could pretend you were not Hannah, the widow, but Hannah, the wife, and instead of being drowned in the sea, Jock would be rescued at the last minute and brought home safe to yourself and little Mary Ellen. And, of course, he would be ill for a long time, but you'd nurse him back to health, and Mary Ellen would be singing to him, and he would fill the house with his great, loud laughter. And his big, rough hand would be touching your face that gently, and he would be saying again: "My Hannah, you've the kind of ugliness in your face that's kin to powerful beauty, because God put a great heart into you and a strong soul, and it was a lucky thing for me the other lads in Clontarf couldn't see what I saw in the stillness of your eyes." And you would blush and not be able to speak with the pain of the happiness that stirred within you, and you would just look at Jock and Mary Ellen and thank God for them both.

Sometimes you would be Hannah, the widow, and then you would pretend about Mary Ellen. You would pretend the great trouble had never come to Mary Ellen, and she would be growing strong and tall and beautiful, and she would love you so dearly, and you would talk to her about her father that was dead, and tell her how proud she must always be to be the daughter of such a fine and good man. And you would look at his pictures together, and speak of him quietly, and you would be building a new happiness for yourself and Mary Ellen.

Then, Mary Ellen would be graduating from college. Sometimes she would be a secretary, and sometimes a teacher, and sometimes an artist. But the grandest pretending of all would be Mary Ellen's wedding.

Mary Ellen would have a hard time choosing a husband, because all the lads would be that wild about her. Maybe he would be a lawyer, or a rich business man, or perhaps a distinguished doctor, like Dr. Barron. Mary Ellen would be such a beautiful bride, dressed all in white, with a delicate veil over her soft, yellow hair.

It was cozy and warm in the bus, with a cold, fine rain falling outside, and likely to be changing to snow. Hannah rode with her face turned toward the window, staring out, but seeing nothing, not even her own blurred reflection.

Tonight, you are not pretending anything, are you, Hannah? Tonight you are too frightened to pretend or dream. You are quivering with fear, like a poor jellyfish tossed about by the will of the sea. Tomorrow, in the early morning, they will take Mary Ellen out of the silent little room, and there will be a great and strange operation. And one way or another, Hannah Shaughnessy, after twenty years of it, you will be finished with the silent little room.

If it is one way, then Mary Ellen will come back to you, and you will enter upon a new life together. For this, you exiled yourself from every being you ever cared for; you came among strangers and slammed the door on the face of their friendship. For this, that Mary Ellen might have a clean beginning, unblemished by the pity or knowledge of any, save you.

THE driver sighed as he called out, for the second time, to the old woman mumbling to herself. She was slow getting off, and awkward.

Closing the door after her, he said to another passenger, "They ought to keep her there. She's as crazy as any they have locked up."

Hannah sat on the straight-backed chair and waited. Dr. Barron had said it would be three hours. It was a nice enough place, the sanatorium, quiet, and filled with a clean, antiseptic smell.

The minutes passed, and the beads of her rosary moved steadily through Hannah's calloused fingers. Over and over the great prayers were said, and she knew it must be more than three hours, and she wondered if perhaps the blessed Mother of God, standing at the foot of the Cross, hadn't thought it more than three hours, too.

The door of the small waiting room opened, and she looked up, expecting to see Dr. Barron, but it was Father

Meecham, the chaplain, and a good friend to Mary Ellen and herself.

"Hello, Mother," he said, holding out his hand. He always addressed Hannah this way, and it pleased her, though such was her nature she couldn't show it. Whether the children on the streets of Leeds were taunting her with cries of "old horse face," or Father Meecham was looking directly at her and calling her "Mother," the grim expression of her face never changed; the hurt and the joy alike were locked deep within her.

Now, as she gave her hand to the

clung at the words, "she wasn't hurt, Mother, she wasn't hurt."

Dully, through layers of numbness, the realization came to her that Father had stopped talking, that he was watching her, waiting for her to say something. She pulled her hand free, and began to speak, haltingly, just a breath above a whisper.

"She was a beautiful little girl, my Mary Ellen. Not like me at all. Lovely, she was, like a story-book princess, with soft, yellow hair, and great, violet eyes, 'put in with the sooty finger,' as they say



It was yesterday she made her First Communion

priest, only her eyes betrayed her, revealing the anxious, love-worn heart of a mother.

"Is it over, Father, the operation?" she asked.

Father Meecham nodded his head.

Hannah's voice was hoarse. "I've been praying all this long while, praying she wouldn't be hurt any more."

The priest looked down at the gnarled hand he was holding, the hand that still clung to the rosary. He stared at the crucifix, then put his other hand firmly over Hannah's, enclosing it and hiding the cross.

"She'll never be hurt again, Mother," he said gently.

Hannah's head began to tremble and jerk. A little nerve under her right eye jumped spasmodically. Her lips moved several times, but no sound came from her. She had difficulty focusing her eyes on the kind, stern face bending toward her.

"She died on the operating table, peacefully, without pain. She wasn't hurt, Mother, she wasn't hurt."

His voice went on soothingly, speaking words of consolation. Hannah tried to concentrate, but her mind stopped and

at home. Ah, ye don't know what it is to be a woman, and to be ugly and plain like myself, and then to have a child like my Mary Ellen. A miracle she was to me, the only beauty my life has ever known. I wish you could have seen her the day she received her First Communion. I've a picture of her taken that day; I'll show it to you some time. Very like her it is, but oh, it doesn't touch what she really was!"

What she really was! Oh, Hannah, there's no one knows but you. What use to tell people; they will listen, and nod kindly, and they will not believe you. It is your memory, yours alone.

What she really was that day! And what she became, the next day.

It was yesterday she made her First Communion.

And now, you are putting the little white dress on her once more. She is going to a party just two blocks away. She wants to wear the veil too, and the wreath of tiny rosebuds, but you explain they must be worn only for special processions at church, and she is happy and content to go without the veil. "God bless you," you say, like always when

she leaves you, and she starts out the door, and you are going to the window to watch her down the street, when back she comes, and reaches up her little, round arms for another hug and kiss, and you laugh and hold her close, and she says: "My pretty mommy."

No one ever called you pretty before, Hannah, nor since.

Ten minutes pass, your last ten minutes of peace.

Now, the door is flung open, and two neighbor women come in. They are crying, and the first one says, "God help you this day, Mrs. Shaughnessy." You look behind them, and there is a man, a stranger he is, and carrying a thing all dirty and bloody. For a matter of seconds, you feel nothing, then you see the hair, the soft, yellow hair.

They lay her on the sofa and tell you of the swift, black car, and that a man was driving, and he never stopped nor looked back, and none of them can say what manner of man he was.

Now you are kneeling, in your speechless agony, you are kneeling beside your child. You look at the little face, all bruised and still, and you look at the First Communion dress, all filthy and torn and soaked with blood. And you do a terrible thing, Hannah—you make the sign of the cross, but instead of asking God to spare your child, you call out to Him in a great, loud voice that vibrates through the house, to pour down curses and damnation upon the man who has crushed your child.

There is a madness on you, a wild passion of madness at seeing the broken, bleeding body of your little daughter.

Now, at last, you are praying for Mary Ellen. All through the day and into the night, you storm heaven, praying God to let her live, not to take her from you, to let her live, only to let her live.

And she has lived, for twenty years she has lived, with her twisted back and her empty mind, and never known you nor called you Mother, in all those twenty years.

Hannah, with careful finality began to pull on her thick, much-mended

gloves. The discipline of twenty years asserted itself, and the lines of stoic endurance returned to hide all trace of sorrow. She was calm now, controlled.

"I've much to be thankful for, Father Meecham," she said. "I've had my health and my good job, and Mary Ellen has never had to take charity from anyone. Though it hasn't been easy, I've always managed to pay her way. It's been a comfort, knowing she has always had the best of care. And I've kept up the insurance her father took out on her, and she a wee baby, so she'll have a decent burial, and a High Mass, too. I'll be taking her home now, to Leeds-by-the-Sea, to Our Lady of Victory Church, and if you wouldn't mind coming so far, I'd like you to say Mary Ellen's Mass."

"Of course, I'll gladly come," said Father Meecham.

"A High Mass I want for her, Father," said Hannah with slow emphasis, "a solemn High Mass. And good singers, Father, the best in the diocese."

The priest nodded and said, "I'll phone your pastor and make all the arrangements." He struggled to hide the great pity he felt, knowing this woman did not want pity from anyone.

In the funeral parlor at Leeds-by-the-Sea, Mary Ellen Shaughnessy was laid out. They dressed her in an ivory satin gown, the kind that a bride might wear, and laid her in a white casket. The bones, and the skin that covered them, weighed less than seventy pounds, and it was a child's casket that held her.

Hannah herself arranged the folds of the heavy satin, and in the dull, yellow hair she placed a sprig of rosebuds, and through the skeletal fingers, she wound a child's white rosary.

The pastor came, and Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Flynn and Mr. Jeffries, and a group of ladies from the church; all wondering, all curious and touched with amazement.

Mrs. Flynn tried, but she couldn't feel any real sympathy for Mrs. Shaughnessy. How could anyone feel sorry for her, when she stood there in a new, black suit, looking proud and as forbidding as ever,

MARTHA MCCARTHY was graduated in 1938 from Emerson College, Boston. Her plans for a theatrical career were abandoned when she was stricken with arthritis. With this story, Miss McCarthy makes her second appearance in **THE SIGN**.

and never a tear did she shed. Her daughter, an invalid these many years, was dead, and that was all she told them. Mrs. Flynn knew that was all she would ever tell.

They fulfilled their Christian duty and satisfied their curiosity, and none of them stayed very long. It was what Mrs. Flynn referred to after as "a very cold wake." But, as she told Mr. Jeffries, it was no more than could be expected; wasn't it an unnatural mother who wouldn't speak of her child in life, and wasn't it an unnatural mother who wouldn't cry for her child in death?

Thus, all through the night, Hamah Shaughnessy watched her dead alone. And never once did she cry, but just before dawn she bent and kissed the dead, white face, and with one finger, softly touched the dry, yellow hair.

THIS is the way it is ending, Hannah, and there is only a ghost of a wish that it might have ended differently. Now at least you are finished with fear, and never again will you be tortured with hope. There is the loneliness, yes, but what is that but an old friend to you! There can be no agony in loneliness when you are touched with thoughts that are not your thoughts, but God's.

Through all the silent years you have knelt at Mass each morning, and the knowledge of God's love has grown and sustained you, changed you and awed you.

Grown and made you humble.

Sustained you, and you lost your bitterness.

Changed you, and you prayed for an unknown man you once cursed.

Awed you, so that at times all the world, even Mary Ellen, would be obliterated, and you would be filled with wonder that even the shadow of God's love should fall so low as to encompass the dark, unloveliness of yourself.

During the night came the long expected snow. Soft drifts folded against Our Lady of Victory Church. The sun shone on the snow and reflected white light into the church for Mary Ellen's Mass.

The church was lit with snowlight and candlelight, and creamy lilies guarded the altar, and the clear, white voices of a boy's choir sang the Mass. And the only things whiter were the Sacred Host in the tabernacle and the silence of peace in the face of Hannah Shaughnessy.

THEN ONLY

by **SISTER M. ADELAIDE, R.S.M.**

*Now violets grace the mound where you were laid
So recently beneath a pall of snow;
Their perfume, with my prayer, ascends to God
From blossoms silvered with their tears of dew.
How soon shall be the day my place is made
To rest with you? Then only will I know
The lesson of the resurrecting sod
And have eternity to talk to you.*



A general view of the office. Operators work along the wall. Clipping and coordinating are done in the center

**LISTEN
WHILE**

YOU WORK

Have you heard of the company that actually takes
clippings out of the air? Here is the story of the
new and important business venture

by **JOHN O'CONNOR**

EACH morning, as 6 A.M. strikes in various cities across the nation, scores of needles drop on scores of uncut records as each radio station's programs are monitored by Radio Reports, "the clipping bureau of the air." Instead of "standing by," professional monitors "sit by," intent and impassive. Their heads are clamped in huge earphones with pressure-relieving and sound-cushioning sides of foam rubber. Concurrently, the plastic discs spin on, recording inexorably the show on the air.

The monitors type rapidly when they hear something they should "clip" from the air. The records are permanent files should the monitors miss, or desire to re-check their own reports.

Why listen to programs? Why not simply ask for the scripts in advance or collect them after the broadcast? Why must they literally "clip the airwaves" and have the exact records of the remarks, speeches, or comments on the clients' desks in the morning?

For one thing, many commentaries are last-minute affairs, with only one copy, and very often speeches or guest

shows are completely unrehearsed. . . .

Radio Reports came about through the curiosity of people who had been mentioned on the air and the acumen of a New England newspaperman who had the vision to see that this expanding field of communications would mention more people and more firms who would like to know exactly what was said about them. . . . last night on that program. . . ."

In the summer of 1936, the Congress of Industrial Organizations was expanding. It had broken with the American Federation of Labor and was beginning to show both numbers and powers under its aggressive leaders. It was at this time that Edward F. Loomis, the President and originator of Radio Reports, was chatting with a friend who headed the Public Relations Department of one of the major heavy-industry firms in the nation.

The Public Relations friend told Loomis that he was plagued by the requests of company officials and stockholders who were trying to check on the latest analyses given on the air. "It's 'What did so-and-so say last night,' or

'Can you get me a copy of such-and-such a one's script?'" he complained. To add to the difficulty, radio stations generally dislike or refuse to release program scripts, and if the Public Relations man did get a copy of what was said, days would have elapsed and those concerned would then be immersed in other problems.

Ed Loomis is a practical New Englander. Newspaperman and publicity man that he was, it occurred to him that something could and should be done to offer a service to those who demanded service and speed. Figuring that a daily radio reporting service, "a city desk of the air" which presented comment and news in digest form should be worth two hundred dollars per month to the subscribers, he modestly rang a few major doorbells.

His offer: to monitor programs and inform large concerns of what was said of them or of their products on the air, exclusive of the paid commercials or regular programs they paid for. The immediate response was gratifying. Four large concerns said "yes" at once.

But the golden dawn turned to a



A blind employee types away, while his faithful seeing eye dog sits beside him



A close-up of one of the operators showing the three important machines—typewriter, radio, and recorder

gray morning. One account withdrew almost immediately. And Loomis' idea of accuracy in reporting what is said on the air was found to be almost an impossibility so far as expert stenographers and expert stenotype operators were concerned. Despite their excellence, the foibles of human fallibility brought too many glaring contrasts between the transcripts of the programs and the actual scripts. When you're selling accuracy, you don't bring in spotty summaries. And the answer was the faithful, imperturbable recorders. The new problem was to get subscribers.

Originally called "The Overnight Digest," the service struggled along with but three accounts on the books. There was no sign that others would come in, but the stenographers and the recorders performed their duty, while the red ink continued to be the prevailing color in the small books of the small company.

The horizon brightened one day when Loomis was told that a Martin J. Egan wanted to speak with him. Mr. Egan had the anonymous but powerful key position of being the Public Relations man under Thomas J. Lamont, a man who always managed to keep J. P. Morgan's name in the news when it counted, and out of the news when the firm had really earned a headline. Mr. Lamont, like the Communists his son seems to prefer, was inexorable and thorough. He had heard of Radio Reports.

It is not that the House of Morgan suddenly made Radio Reports. It is that recognition came from an efficient econ-

omic segment of American society. And when Martin Egan casually concluded his phone call with the observation that the firm would like to know more of the work of Radio Reports' and to "... drop in some time when you're in the neighborhood," Ed Loomis was almost immediately on a southbound express to Wall Street. A new—and major account—was secured that afternoon.

Today the clipping bureau of the air has over five hundred subscribers, many of them firms which in turn represent many major publicity accounts or advertising firms with many clients.

INTEREST in Radio Reports began to grow. It was more than a casual question of who said what about our product, our firm, our sponsor, our nation... or just plain me? It was: *exactly* what was said? Loomis, meanwhile, cut his prices, reasoning that many more might be interested if he could make the offer attractive. He gambled on production-line methods instead of custom-built ones for a few select companies. With lowered fees, the rush was on.

Today, Radio Reports, with its Soundscapers and its patient, paid listeners, monitors over sixteen thousand programs a month. It takes down millions of words a month and these in turn are edited, compressed, and passed on to the client.

For instance, a few days before this was written, the writer was at the home of a television and radio star, gathering biographical material for an article. In

an unrehearsed, guest program she had unconsciously mentioned the name of a popular soft drink. The following afternoon the apartment buzzer sounded. When she opened the door, she was faced by a polite, young messenger. At his feet were three cases of the product. Later in the week she received three cases of a nationally known beer and a carton from a major baking company, the carton containing two units of everything the company produced.

In a similar vein, the writer last winter devoted several broadcasts to an examination of the "whitewash" White Paper on China. In this series, he mentioned at length a speech of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce on "The Mystery of Our China Policy."

A few days later, a note of thanks was received from the former Congresswoman from Connecticut, postmarked South Carolina. Knowing that the station could not be heard that far away, both the writer and the station staff were puzzled. But the silent monitors of Radio Reports were listening, and Mrs. Luce is just as important a client as the soft drink concern or the Foreign Governments from Argentina to Sweden.

The staff of three hundred-plus across the country do not listen to commercials. The sponsors, the publicity men, the public relations men, the advertisers

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know what the commercials contain. They want reports on the unsolicited remarks, the unexpected criticism or analysis, the sudden mention for good or ill.

For instance, a corporation that is quite sensitive to public reaction raises its prices and breaks the news in a carefully worded statement by a top official.

How did radio handle it? How did the commentators and critics handle the news? Did the company's explanation for the increase get a favorable or unfavorable handling in the programs? Labor unions involving many workers were concerned. An advertising campaign involving millions in fees was involved.

In less than thirty-six hours, Radio Reports delivered a to-the-point report which answered all questions. The interpretation, as always, was left to the company. A similar special service was also performed when Bernard Baruch issued his atom-control plan two years ago. Within a week, monitoring scores of programs on hundreds of stations across the nation, the 'elder statesman' knew the American reaction to his plan. "And it was delivered neatly bound," one official told the writer.

The firm does not only serve clients who want to see "if," "how," and "when" they're being mentioned. They also check on commercials as a service to the advertising companies. It could be that smaller stations, where the announcer is frequently the engineer, the newscaster, and the disc-jockey besides, are stations where commercials might be neglected. The sponsor might feel the need of an unheralded "spot check" on the station.

A major record company, for instance,

has a program being carried on about one hundred stations. At least, the company *thinks* the program is being carried, but its information is more than a year old . . . and programs come and go. They check the station, for the sponsors have just as much right to find out, as the Department of Weights and Measures in your home town has to examine the scales in the local stores. Money is paid in faith. There must be no "fast deals".

A movie company feels that a certain commentator is slamming it too often. What are the facts? A research organization has to determine exactly when, in the day, and for how long—down to the split second—commercials are heard. How to find out?

The manufacturer of a new product recently wanted to promote via radio. Which women commentators would go for it? What shows might use it as a giveaway . . . ? In every case the firms journeyed to the *Daily News* building in New York.

One of the more prominent railroads had a major wreck not long ago. The initial confusion was multiplied by conflicting stories on the radio. In this case, the alert Public Relations man of the line immediately had Radio Reports on practically an emergency basis. The moment a radio station erred in the story of when the trains would be running again, and so on, the railroad's man was on the phone correcting them: stations, news desks, network news agencies and commentators. The result was a happy one: through the speedy work of the monitors and the speed of the Public Relations man, thousands of commuters were advised accurately and

a major transportation headache was prevented.

Besides the sponsors and the clients being serviced, the company also helps a forgotten segment of society. The monitors vary from nineteen to sixty-five. Several are blind, but they type impeccably and listen without distraction. Beneath their tables sit their Seeing Eye companions, tense German shepherd dogs guarding their owners and best friends, monitoring the monitors. Other monitors have been stricken with infantile paralysis. Still others are victims of arthritis. Radio Reports, however, demands alert minds above all, and those who have known pain and handicaps are more thorough and more patient, and have learned concentration. They have been rescued from dependency, from charity wards, from the negation of being public charges or confined to a hall bedroom, the family secret.

ONE of the outstanding cases of coverage and speed occurred two years ago. A prominent Federal Official in the East was the guest on a small station in the metropolitan area. There had been many rumors that he was about to resign his position and go back to private law practice. In a radio interview with an experienced woman commentator, he inadvertently let drop the hint that he might soon leave the scene.

Some listeners called in to find if this was true. The commentator, in all honesty, couldn't remember the exact words. The Federal Official was suddenly "out of town"! But one enterprising reporter suddenly remembered that the sponsor of the program had it monitored. He called Radio Reports and within a few hours the front page of his paper carried the story the official later confirmed.

Now television has brought new problems to Radio Reports. The programs are recorded for sound, and each program is watched intently by the one assigned to it. Nor has the human element been omitted in Ed Loomis' figuring. You see, each television screen is as small as possible, so the monitors won't be attracted to other programs going on in the room and possibly miss an important item!

Each morning across the country, day in and day out, these Americans listen to other Americans and do not stop until midnight. Markets are surveyed, errors checked, investments secured, and libel and inaccuracy avoided. And as you flick on the dial some time, you might think for a fleeting second of the patient people with their ear-phones and recorders. In a way they are protecting the air of this nation from distortion, serving not only the clients but the ultimate sponsors of all, the American people.



Doing it the hard way

▲ Grandma had read of the accomplishments of her young grandson on the high school basketball team. Although she knew nothing whatever of basketball, she expressed a desire to see him play. So one night she attended a game with her daughter and son-in-law.

"What is the object of the game?" she asked, after watching for several minutes the furious action on the court.

"They have to get the ball into the basket," her son-in-law explained.

"Well, for goodness sake," the old lady said in exasperation, "wouldn't it be much easier if they kept out of each other's way?"

—Ted Johnson

Ireland is a land of liberty and of
 lilting laughter—but not the part of it
 under the heel of a dictatorial oppressor



Northern Ireland's Sir Basil Brooke

OF course you've heard of a government whose police may arrest you without warrant, refuse to inform you as to the charge, imprison you for seven days without bond and without trial, banish you from your home community forever, suspend publication of newspapers critical of the powers-that-be, tax you without suggestion of representation in public affairs.

Russia, you say? Not at all! It's the captive part of Northern Ireland.

Naturally you thought of Russia when this, only partial, listing of abuses of civil rights was recited. But in the case of the Union of Socialist Soviet Repub-

lics you were relying on hearsay. There is no written document you can point to. In the "kidnaped area" north of Eire it is the law, the written law. Effective, operating law. Law that is enforced, at the convenience of the Government and against its targets.

While Americans rail at Red intolerance (as they should), statesmen blast at the Kremlin's contrast with our free governmental system, they seem completely to ignore the facts of a system which makes those of Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini appear in comparison as the protections of a provident, kindly, considerate parent.

ORANGE POLICE STATE

by JAMES J. BUTLER

Ever hear of the "Special Powers Act" of Northern Ireland, the blueprint of government that overrides the known wishes of a majority of a whole country by ukase of an absentee control? Let's review it briefly.

For the purposes of the Act, the civil authority is in the Minister of Home Affairs for Northern Ireland. But his powers may be, and are, extended to make every local uniformed "cossack" on the Royal Ulster Constabulary a virtual ruler over the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of those he "thinks" may be potentially dangerous to the Crown's satellite government in the land of the Orangeman.

Article 2, Section 1, as amended, invites that extension by providing that the Minister "may delegate, either unconditionally or subject to such conditions as he thinks fit, all or any of his powers under this Act to 'any other officer' of the Royal Ulster Constabulary." Thus the police officer becomes the civil authority as respects any part of Northern Ireland specified in such delegation.

And the Minister of Home Affairs can be a legislature unto himself. Harsh as the "Special Powers Act" is, he can make any additional impositions he wishes which can "have effect and be enforced in like manner as regulations contained in the Schedule to this Act." His regulations are subject to review by the Parliament within fourteen days—which usually is found to allow sufficient time to accomplish their ends.

THE SIGN

There is kindly consideration for the feelings of a convicted person, mandated in Section 5 which, after providing that the culprit may be sentenced to jail and fined, allows him to be whipped—but privately.

Convenient escape from the taint of guilt for a police officer is found in the pokerfaced expression of Section 10 which ("for the purpose of preserving the peace and maintaining order") says the Minister, by a stroke of his pen, may "prohibit the holding of inquests by coroners on dead bodies." The restriction to "dead bodies" seems fortuitous in the light of many of the provisions of the code of law.

Property rights likewise go by the board. The convicted party is subject to the terms of a paragraph reading:

"Nothing in this section shall be construed as giving to any person, where an offense against the regulations has been committed, any right to compensation in respect to lands, buildings, goods, chattels or other property taken, occupied, or destroyed in connection with such offense." Shades of Oliver Cromwell!

Curfew is absolute when the Minister or his designee decides it should be invoked. The hours within which a person may leave his home without written permit can be set at the Minister's whim. Naturally the right of public assembly, cherished in democratic countries everywhere, is revocable by the Minister; and no search warrant is required if a policeman "suspects" that any person has firearms, military arms, motor or other cycles, or motor cars, or other enumerated items, on his property. Police may stop and search any person they "suspect" may be carrying firearms.

With anti-Catholic prejudice rampant and encouraged by high official authority, and in view of the propensity of

Irish Catholics to memorialize their saintly patrons in monuments, the terms of Section 8A take on significance. The section should be read slowly, and with that backdrop in view. This is it:

"The Civil Authority may make orders prohibiting in any area the erection of any monument or other memorial if he has reason to suspect that the erection of such monument or other memorial would be of a character calculated to promote the objects of an unlawful association, or to be prejudicial to the preservation of the peace or maintenance of order. If such monument or other memorial has been erected, or is in the process of erection, the Civil Authority may cause the same to be removed or destroyed."

The right of any police officer to arrest without warrant is carried to an extreme never suspected by the free-handed Congressmen, who are appropriating funds for the "preservation of democracy" in Northern Ireland. In fact, the arrest may be made by any friend of the ruling powers . . . "any person authorized for the purpose by the Civil Authority, or any police constable, or any member of His Majesty's forces," the section reads.

Must he witness a felony, or even a misdemeanor, to justify collaring the defenseless "culprit?" Not at all! His victim may be "any person he suspects of acting, or of having acted, or of being about to act" in a manner he thinks could be prejudicial to the peace.

What happens next? Bail bond? No, the hearing magistrate may not only refuse bail to the person arrested (mind you, on the mere suspicion of a policeman or other person authorized,) but also the magistrate may have him spirited away for trial in some remote area where his witnesses may not be available. And although still not found

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guilty of any offense, he "may be detained in such place and for such time as his presence is required there."

Again on mere suspicion he may be banished from his home community without formality of either arrest or trial, and forbidden to return under pain of jail. Not only that, when he takes up his new residence he must remain there unless permitted by formal license to go elsewhere.

Freedom of the press is guaranteed in a single sentence of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It is abolished just as summarily by the Special Powers Act of Northern Ireland. That section reads:

"The Civil Authority may by notice prohibit the circulation of any newspaper for any specified period, and any person circulating or distributing such newspaper within such specified period shall be guilty of an offense against these regulations."

The same ban applies with equal force to motion picture films and to recordings.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny," the British Crown was told emphatically and effectively in the days leading up to America's Revolutionary War. The point, it appears, didn't sink in. The *Derry Journal*, published in Derry City in Northern Ireland, recently reported a census of that community to show 29,231 Catholics, and 18,492 non-Catholics, and comparable, but lower, figures on the voting lists. But Derry City's municipal roster shows fifty-nine non-Catholics and two Catholics on the payroll; the school department hires nineteen and six, respectively.



Among Those Present . . .

▲ A temperance meeting was held in a small town, and the attendance surpassed expectations. Among the most outspoken was a citizen well known in local taverns. At great length he denounced the drinking evil and told of his desire to reform.

The following morning, the chairlady of the meeting happened to meet him on the street.

"I was very pleased to see you at the temperance meeting last night," she said. "I'm sure you'll be much happier in your reformed life."

"Temperance meeting!" exclaimed the other. "So that's where I was last night!"

—Brian O'Hagan

THERE is a Civil Service system in name, but it's a travesty and a farce. Competitive examinations are conducted, after which ratings are announced. But that doesn't qualify a high rated candidate for employment. He must next stand for oral examination before a Board of Orangemen. Question No. 1 put to him asks what schools he attended. If the names do not readily classify the applicant, Question No. 2 bluntly is: "What is your religion?"

Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, set the pattern for the oral examiners many years ago, when he was Minister of Agriculture. He wrote off religious tolerance within his "democratic government" then, just as he was later to help erase just about every other constitutional guaranty held dear by democracy-loving Americans.

"I will employ no Catholics," he said.

SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

Track-meet Maestro

With the thirty-second annual Knights of Columbus indoor track meet about to take place at Madison Square Garden, we thought you might like to know something about the popular director of the games, John J. Downing.

The arduous assignment of putting on a great track meet is but part of the vast work turned in by this indefatigable gentleman, who is officially known as the Director of Recreation of the New York City Department of Parks, a post which he assumed back in 1944.

Downing is well fitted for this tremendous job of supervising play and activities in the parks of a city of almost eight million. From his early days as a basketball, track, and football star for the old Gordon A.A., his interest has been in healthy recreation and sports for the great city of New York. He started with the Department of Parks as a playground director back in 1911, was appointed



Downing—a busy man

Supervisor of Recreation in 1915, and as already noted became Director in '44.

Few of us realize the vast program of recreational facilities offered by the Department of Parks in New York. Just to bring myself up to date on a few of the activities in Mr. Downing's domain, I procured a booklet on recreational ac-

tivities for New Yorkers put out by the Park Department. I was amazed not only at the number of activities offered, but also at the number of different events I had never even dreamed of. Of course, we all know about the bathing beaches, baseball diamonds, bicycle paths, softball fields, and others of the better-known sports. But there are also bocci courts, bowling greens, kite-flying areas, model-airplane-flying fields, children's gardens; and a host of activities too numerous to mention here. Truly John Downing is a busy man.

Long a member of the Amateur Athletic Union, John was Metropolitan A.A.U. Vice-President in 1941-42, President, 1943-44, and a Trustee since 1948. He has been a member of the Knights of Columbus since 1909, with the De Soto Council, and during 1937-38 was Chairman of the New York Chapter of the K. of C. He has been a member of the Casey Athletic Committee since its inception in 1919, and along with the late Frank Brennan helped make the Athletic Meet famous throughout the world.

Many a sensational race has been run and many a great athlete has competed in the K. of C. Meet, and this year's event at Madison Square Garden on Saturday night, March 3, should be no exception. Greg Rice, the great Notre Dame runner, was invincible from 1940-1943 and won the two-mile race those four years in a row. Spectacular Glenn Cunningham won the mile from 1933 to 1938 inclusive, setting the world mark of 4:07:4 in '38. Gil Dodds had an amazing double in 1947, winning the mile in 4:07:1 and the two-mile in 9:15:5. The number of great runners competing in past Casey Games is legion, and space doesn't permit mention of all of them, but a few that come to mind quickly are Joey Ray, Lloyd Hahn, Gene Venzke, and Les MacMitchell in the mile, Jake Driscoll, Alan Helffrich, Johnny Gibson, Bernie McCafferty, the late John Borican, and Frank Fox in the Casey 600, and Joe McCluskey, Don Lash, Jim Rafferty, and Curtis Stone in the two-mile run.

This year's Meet, featuring all the

aforementioned events plus an invitation sprint-and-hurdle series, a pole vault and high jump, and a raft of well-matched college relay events, figures to be of the same high caliber as the K. of C. meets of previous years, and any track-and-field follower will tell you they've been tops. When it is all over John Downing and his capable associates of the Knights of Columbus can sit back and relax with the thought of another fine job well done. That is, the associates can relax, but John will be back at his desk the following Monday morning worrying about relaxation and sports for some seven million New Yorkers.



Gowdy—play-by-play artist

New Red Sox Voice

Folks up around Boston who are used to fine play-by-play broadcasts were assured of a continuance of that high standard with the announcement that Curt Gowdy had been signed to announce the Red Sox games this season. Jim Britt, who had been airing the diamond doings of both Boston clubs, will continue as the Voice of the Boston Braves. Gowdy makes his bow in the Hub because the Red Sox and Braves decided to go their separate ways in broadcasting and have their own individual announcers. It then became necessary for Britt to cast his lot, and he chose the Braves.

None of us in the profession was surprised when it was learned that the Red Sox had chosen Gowdy as their voice, because the genial young man from Wyoming had done a tremendous job around New York, working with Mel Allen on the Yankee games for two years and turning in grand jobs at whatever he attempted.

He comes to his new job well schooled and well poised after working with a ball club that battled its way through two sensational pennant races and to two world championships. And, believe me, tough pennant races are just as tough on the announcers as they are on

the players. The man in the booth lives and dies with every pitch when the race is close.

It isn't generally known, but Curt was a fine all-around athlete in his collegiate days at the University of Wyoming, from which he graduated in 1942. A three-year star on the basketball team, he also won his letter in baseball, and by way of being versatile he won the Wyoming State tennis championship in 1939.

After his graduation from Wyoming, Curt served in the Air Corps until a back injury caused a medical discharge.

Early in his collegiate career, Gowdy decided on sports announcing as a profession, and he finally landed a job with KFBC, the Cheyenne station, in 1944. His first sportscasting was that of high-school basketball, and he turned in a very commendable job. In the Midwest and Far West, re-creation of major league baseball games is very popular radio fare. To the uninitiated, a re-creation is a wire report, play-by-play, of a game played in another city. The report is gotten by Western Union ticker, and the mikeman brings the game to life.

Folks in the business were beginning to notice Mr. Gowdy at this point, and he received and accepted an offer to go to KOMA at Oklahoma City. There he did the football games of the University of Oklahoma and basketball contests of Oklahoma and Oklahoma A. and M. His baseball chores continued with the announcing of Texas League games.

Coming east to broadcast a basketball game at Madison Square Garden, Curt learned of an opening in the Yankee set-up. Russ Hodges, who had been helping Mel Allen with the Yankees, was moving across the river to do the Giant games, and the Yankees were looking for a replacement. After due consideration, the Yankees decided that Gowdy was the chap to work with Allen, and it worked out fine all around.

Gowdy became very popular in New York and made a host of friends in the metropolis. Besides the hectic games of the baseball Yankees, he worked the games of their gridiron cousins as well and continued his work on the basketball games at the Garden. Les Arries, Sports Director of the DuMont network, spotted Gowdy as being tops in basketball and signed him to do the Saturday-night cage-doings along with the track meets at the famed sports emporium, the Garden. He is generally recognized as tops in cage reporting.

With the Red Sox, Curt will be airing their doings over a New England network with the play-by-play originating over Boston Station WHDH. The games will also be televised over Station WBZ and WNAC.

In 1949, Curt married Jerre Dawkins of Edmond, Oklahoma, a pretty young lady he met while he was giving a sports talk at the University. He heartily recommends sports talks.

Chico from Stamford

Boxing's "Rookie of the Year" is the term generally accorded a young high school student in Stamford, Connecticut. He is Chico Vejar, about whom you will be hearing a great deal if you are a follower of the prize ring. One of the most unusual fighters to come up in a long, long time, Chico is only nineteen years old and a senior at Stamford High School, where he sports a B-plus average.

As we go to press, young Vejar is undefeated, having chalked up victories in every one of his twenty-three professional fights. Sixteen of his foes succumbed by knockouts, among them such sturdy battlers as Andy Viserto, Georgie Flores, and Art Suffoletta, the latter in a semifinal to the Kid Gavilan-Paddy Young fight at Madison Square Garden in New York. When Vejar and Suffoletta met last January 26, both were undefeated and had won twenty-two in a row, but it was Vejar's hand that was raised in victory by referee Ray Miller, who stopped the contest in the fourth round to save Suffoletta from further punishment.

Fast on his feet, handy with a jab, and a good, crisp combination puncher with authority in either hand, Vejar is eye-catching as he moves around the ring, and such fistic appraisers as Jimmy Bronson, Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri,

Jim Dawson, and Ray Robinson are very high on his chances. Robinson, by the way, is Vejar's ring idol.

Vejar is a product of the Catholic Youth Organization and is trained and schooled by famed C.Y.O. coach Pete Mello. With Vejar living in Stamford and Mello training him in New York, it means that the boxer travels about five hundred miles a week commuting between the two cities.

Just by way of proving that some boxers can do more than box, Chico is President of the Catholic Youth Organization of Sacred Heart Church in Stamford.

Much of Vejar's success is due to the fact that popular sports announcer Steve Ellis became interested in him and did much to further his career. Steve, who has worked with Bill Corum and this writer in airing the Madison Square Garden fights for Gillette, certainly knows a fighter when he sees one and predicts a great ring future for the Stamford youth. I doubt, however, that Ellis would ever be able to broadcast one of his protégé's fights. I watched Ellis when the hard-hitting welterweight was notching his twenty-third victory. When the fight was over, Chico wasn't even drawing a deep breath, but Ellis was near collapse.

Pirates' Pettit

Its not too early to get around to baseball, and that reminds us that the Pittsburgh Pirates hope to unveil their \$100,000 bonus baby in the 1951 flag chase. He of course is Paul Pettit.

Pettit, nineteen years old, is a left-hander whose exploits in the scholastic circles in California brought scouts from many major league clubs scurrying to sign him. The Pirates landed him and farmed him to their New Orleans club where, in spite of a record of two victories and seven defeats, he gave encouraging signs at the close of the campaign that he had learned a few things about the pitching trade.

Before the Pirates had lured him into their organization with their tremendous bonus bid, Pettit had cut quite a figure hurling for Marbonne High in Lomita, Cal. Among his feats were six no hit, no run games, three of these being fashioned in succession. Three years in a row, he was selected on the All-Los Angeles High School team and, in 1948, he was voted the Most Valuable High School player in that area.

With New Orleans, Pettit, anxious to get going, was extremely wild at the start, and, in the 94 innings he worked during the season, issued 76 passes. Improvement in his control was noted, however, and Pirate officials are confident that he will be worth what they invested in him.



Vejar—"rookie of the year"



People

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

• In 1936, as a young bride, Mrs. Leo V. Norton of Newark decided to perform volunteer work for the local Red Cross. She began studying Braille transcribing for the benefit of the blind. In her first contact with the blind she was pleasantly surprised. As she says: "Like most sighted people, I had thought of the blind (if I thought of them at all) as begging on the street corners with tin cups. It surprised me to find that they were lawyers, men in industry, college men, and students in high school, who wished that sighted people would realize that they were normal except for their sight, and wished to be treated as normal, intelligent human beings."

In the early forties, His Excellency, Archbishop Walsh of Newark, founded a department for the blind in the Mount Carmel Guild, and Mrs. Norton was appointed chairman. Besides the transcribing, she had to arrange for all the socials. These socials are of various kinds and planned according to the wishes of the blind. The blind like to take trips, to bowl when sighted people are not watching, and they especially like to play bingo with cards done in Braille for that purpose.

Mrs. Norton accompanies the blind on shopping tours and sees that they get the style and color of dress they want. At times she acts as reader, especially in legal matters, and is careful to instruct them and their children in the truths of faith.

Mrs. Norton has been in the work almost fifteen years and says that she loves it so much that she could talk about it forever.

Top, Mrs. Norton with blind boy who holds a little Statue of Liberty. Below, Mrs. Norton helps a blind lady speaking before the Archbishop.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Doctor Chu Chew Shong of San Francisco is shown with some of his family. He is the father of seven children and has ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

• Doctor Chu Chew Shong, a scholar, was born seventy years ago in Sun Wi, Canton Province of China. He came to the United States in 1914, and entered the Catholic Church the following year. Since then he has been the adviser of every Director of Saint Mary's Mission School in San Francisco. In 1920, he became co-founder with Father Bradley of Saint Mary's Chinese Evening Language School with an enrollment of over five hundred students. He is the first and only principal.

Doctor Chu Chew Shong is the one who has made the Mission School a great cultural influence on the West Coast. He is also the founder of the first Amateur Chinese Opera group in that area.

Besides his work in education, Doctor Shong is active in the Holy Name Society, the Saint Vincent De Paul Society, and many others too numerous to mention.

Last year the University of San Francisco awarded him an honorary degree in literature.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Theology and Bombs

I ADMIT with great readiness that I know little of the studies known as Theology and Morals. But I share one thing with those who study and teach them, and that is that we are all Christians and practicing the Faith. I admit too that, being a woman, my heart is apt to rule my head, whereas I suppose with a theologian, the head must come first. Also, I have read little on these subjects and therefore know little of the language in which they are couched. So, when a woman brought me a recent article by Father Edmund Walsh, one of the authorities on these subjects, and asked me to read it, since she claimed it justified her feeling that dropping the bomb on Hiroshima was morally right when I had been arguing that it was morally wrong, I read it and felt truly sick at heart.

First, Father Walsh, in his article on the atom bomb and the occasions when it would be morally right to use it, said we would have been perfectly justified in using it had we known in advance of the menace winging the ocean toward Pearl Harbor; we should have been justified in attacking with any force at hand and in self-defense, even though the enemy had not yet acted. This is certainly reasonable. This was the enemy and he was coming to destroy us. This I understand.

Later, when Father Walsh went on to speak of the possible death of people in such bombings and called it by a phrase which I had never heard before and did not like—the “indirect voluntary”—I felt that the woman who had brought me the article must be right: this sounded as if the Church condoned the purposeful killing of the innocent.

Only later, from people who understand such terms, did I learn that there is also a “direct voluntary” and it would be this term which would cover such people as were deliberately killed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When two results, one good and one bad, follow an action, though the good alone is intended, then the evil is said to be the “indirect voluntary.” To drop a bomb with the intention of killing non-combatants is always wrong: this is the “direct voluntary” and is condemned.

I think it very unfortunate that theologians have, for all their erudition, evidently been unable to make this clear to people. I mean just ordinary people. The laity—and it is made up of people like the woman who felt this article justified her stand and people like me whom it made feel the Church was different from what I had always thought—don’t understand these terms.

Terminology is Important

THEOLOGIANS SHOULD explain in lay terms just what they mean. As it is, they are apt to make more people apprehensive; in fact, I know that this article of Father Walsh’s has been greatly misunderstood by many Catholics. An engineer describing the workings of an engine would use terms equally strange to the laity, and so would a diplomat using the intricate phrases of treaties and pacts. But this is far more important: this is speaking of the basic teachings of the Church, and the words should be plain to all, since there are after all a lot more lay people than theologians.

The last paragraph of Father Walsh’s article had especially pained me. He said that Our Lord on occasion Himself used

force, citing the incident of driving buyers and sellers from the temple. There it is again, I thought, when I first read it: He knew whom He was hitting; He did not hurt the innocent on purpose. So I was very happy when I learned that Father Walsh had no intention of saying anything that would imply the use of force by Him against the innocent.

Then we are in full agreement, the theologians and I. It was misapprehension of a phrase. Father Walsh stated, and correctly, the argument, but in such, to me and others, involved words that all I got out of it was that the Church condones the killing of the innocent.

But, leaving the theologians for the time being, it is clear that many people—and Catholics are among them—still think it was all right to drop the atom bomb, chiefly because it shortened the war. But surely it would have been more consonant with morality to kill soldiers alone—the direct voluntary—than so many innocent who also were in those cities—the indirect voluntary. I feel that by dropping those two bombs our country did a thing that will cost us years of pain and suffering to repay. And I would rather priests wrote in such a way to their people and not present arguments with technical phrases. I wish they, who are so well trained to do it, would call for reparation by the spirit and urge their people to repent before it is too late.

If I sound like one of the more gloomy of the ancient prophets, believe me, that is the way I feel. What I wish, in fact, is that the clergy of our Church would begin preaching like Jeremiah. I wish they would, in the wilderness of our cities, begin calling “Repent, repent,” like a whole flock of John the Baptists. We all know it was human beings and their sins which built the road Our Lord walked to His death. Are we building it again for Him today?

Heart vs. Head

WHILE I WAS STILL brooding and without enlightenment about the indirect voluntary and had never even heard of its complement, the direct voluntary, I met a priest who has seen much suffering and himself suffered in war-torn lands. I plucked up courage to ask him what he thought about it: was I so ignorant of scholarly logic, all wrong, and was Father Walsh, so gifted with scholarship, entirely right?

Having straightened me out on voluntaries, he said, “You see, you are right when you say we should watch where we drop a bomb. If it is dropped on a great warship loaded with weapons, then, since the one value of war is to get there first with the most, we could morally drop a bomb there, just as we could on a great munitions depot. But direct bombing of the innocent is wrong and condemned by the Church. It is, in fact, her constant teaching.”

I left him, happy that the theologians and I were in agreement about bombing. But I was still a little ahead of them in heart if not in head. I turned back to him. “I’ll tell you how I feel. If ever Our Lady appears to a group of innocent children, as she has a way of doing, and speaks plainly and without theological and puzzling terms, as she also has a way of doing, and says it is all right to drop a bomb, I’ll believe it.”

“She never will,” he said.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



1. Big family problem. One spends too much time on her bath, and rest line up and wait—impatiently.



2. A quart of milk disappears quickly when Maureen, Jack, and Ed come home for lunch.



3. With her usual cheer, Mrs. Dolan makes up a plate of sandwiches for the children and their friends.

A Day in the Life of the Dolans

A pictorial account of a typical day in a large Catholic family

• The education and fun that come with life in a large family cannot be garnered from books, especially the books and magazines today that would have us believe that the ideal family consists of one or at most two children. To offset this ballyhoo, THE SIGN presents a typical large Catholic family, the William R. Dolan family that lives in our neighborhood.

The Dolans have nine children, the oldest, Tom, is twenty-two; the youngest, Maureen, is eight. Like all good families, the children have been taught to co-operate and also to develop a spirit of independence. All do their share at home, and all the boys have odd jobs after school to help the budget. A spirit of faith and joy pervades the home, and Mother and Dad feel as young as the nine whose company they keep.



4. Anne, a high-school junior, makes the beds. A crucifix instead of bird or dog pictures hangs over each bed.



5. Always plenty of clothes to wash. Ella, 15, reads while the washer spins family clothes.



6. Dad takes the three youngest and mother in the family car. The entire Dolan family would require a small bus.



9. The boys play basketball. Tom is a senior at Villanova and is assistant basketball coach at Philadelphia Catholic High School.



10. The hand-me-down process. What Jack wore last year will fit Ed this year. Clothing is big item in family budget.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



7. No, it's not the whole congregation—just the Dolans. All the boys served on the altar, and Dad is one of the ushers.



8. Father Malachy, C.P., gives Holy Communion to the Dolans on Family Communion Sunday.



11. Dad leads the prayers before meals. Next to Mother is Mary, the oldest girl. Second from Dad is Bill, the local basketball star. His height: 6 ft. 7 in.



12. Three older sons play cards with Dad while two younger kibitz. At right is James, who develops X-ray prints for a Doctor after school hours.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE DOLANS



13. A family gathering in the living room. Older boys discuss sports, younger play games, and girls chat with Mom.



14. Baby, Maureen, is tucked in. She wants to grow up to be grandmother to take care of her mom.



15. Ed and Jack say their night prayers. They both serve on the altar at St. Michael's and sell papers to help the family budget.

So ends the day at the Dolans, a family that typifies Catholic life here in America . . .



16. When the older children are out to a game or a social, and the younger ones are in bed, Mother and Father have time for a quiet chat together.

Photos by A. Neuman, Three Lions

IT IS often said of those Catholics who habitually transgress the Law of God and who live without moral restraint that they have "lost the Faith." This is, of course, entirely possible. But it is not generally true. For, no matter how depraved they may be, there is ordinarily not one article of faith which these bad Catholics do not assent to.

Unless a Catholic commits a serious sin directly against the virtue of faith, he does not lose it. By serious sin he always loses charity. Not by that fact does he lose faith. Merely to have faith, therefore, is to be still far from salvation.

The Church on earth is composed of those who live conformably to their Faith and those who, while believing, behave as if they do not believe. This is the teaching of our Saviour in His references to the net which contains good and bad fish, to the field wherein the wheat grows along with the weeds. We may, then, distinguish "real" Catholics (or those whose conduct does not belie their Faith) from "nominal" Catholics (or those who are such in name only).

The "nominal" Catholic believes, for example, in the existence of Hell. But because he never seriously considers the possibility of spending eternity in Hell, it might just as well not exist so far as he is concerned.

Mortal sin is the worst of all evils. You will hardly find a Catholic who will deny it. But if sin be never considered in this light, it may sometimes be considered a lesser evil than having another child—a lesser evil than a chance for political advancement.

Consider the man whom Jesus called "the son of perdition"—the man whom we all associate with the idea of spiritual ruin—Judas Iscariot.

Judas had the Faith. Have we any reason to believe that he lost it? In the Gospel narratives you will not find any hint that he did. On the contrary, when he returned to the priests, after Christ was seized, Judas flung the blood money at their feet. This was not the action of a man who, having lost the Faith, has lately regained it.

Judas was not one of those who, after Our Lord foretold the institution of the Eucharist, "walked no more with Him." Apparently, then, it was not too difficult for Judas to believe that in some mysterious way Jesus would give His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink for the life of the world.

And yet he who could believe found himself neglecting to consider the consequences of his beliefs.

In this the spirit of Judas would do



JUDAS

the Nominal Catholic

Judas had the Faith.
But it takes more than faith
to finish well

by
HILARY SWEENEY, C.P.

credit to that of many "nominal" Catholics. For, like such Catholics, Judas was a "natural" man—completely out of his element in the supernatural world: The natural man, the "nominal" Catholic, gives lip service to the doctrines of the Faith because, for him, there is something unreal about them—at least he does not feel their impact anywhere but in church.

It is not difficult for him to accept the Mystery of the Unity of God in the Trinity of Persons. He never doubts for a moment the real, true, and substantial change effected by the words of Con-

secration. "Unquestionably," he will say, "the Mass and Calvary are one and the same Sacrifice."

But when his Faith descends into his workaday world—comes to grips with the stern realities of life as he lives it—tells him what wages he must pay his employees, what honesty he must bring to his work—tells him what he must do to be married, what he must do to live decently in marriage—then he begins to ask questions, not in an effort to learn anything, but simply to justify himself.

Such questions Judas asked—Judas who had the Faith indeed, but no perception of its implications. Three questions tell the story of Judas. "Why this waste?" "What will you give me?" "Is it I, Rabbi?"

"Why this waste?" ask Catholic parents who are only "nominal" Catholics. Why the waste of so many semester hours of religion in college or high school? Is it not better to send the children to accredited non-Catholic schools, where time spent on catechism would be better spent on chemistry?

Why the extravagance of bringing large families into the world—or even of bringing one child into the world?

"What will you give me?" asks the "nominal" Catholic who believes in sanctifying grace. And, upon the first appearance of temptation, he puts his Christ-life up for barter. And Christ is sold again, betrayed, for an hour or two at a filthy entertainment, for a bribe or for the prestige than can sometimes be obtained by a lie.

"Is it I?" the "nominal" Catholic asks himself, when, before the tribunal of conscience, Jesus warns of His imminent betrayal. And the questioner departs, and it is night.

This is your nominal Catholic—this your believer who does not think out the consequences of his beliefs. For he has given up, not the Faith, but the serious consideration of the commitments of faith. He has thought it sufficient to profess his Faith publicly.

"There are *believers* and Catholics," said our Holy Father as he opened the Holy Year, "whose spirit is weak as the flesh makes them *traitors* to their rightful duties, and *forgetful* of the real treasures, and who live in a continual sequence of *desertions* and lapses. They are wrong if they think they possess the Christian life and are pleasing to God unless sanctifying grace dwells habitually in their souls."

Tragic words which echo the last appeal of Jesus to His betrayer: "Judas, dost thou deliver the Son of Man with a kiss?"

From Bishop O'Gara, C.P.

IS THE China temperature hot? One of our doctors has been sentenced to one year at hard labor, another to three months, while Sister Anna Maria has been fined one million dollars—all on trumped-up charges. All sorts of pressures being resorted to. We are being called every name in the lexicon and then a few new ones.

This week has been a very busy week. We have been individually registering for residence permits. Between writing one's life history and being on call any moment to go up for more questioning, there is hardly time we can claim as our own. It brings to mind novitiate days when the Vice-Master was having a chapter of faults and no matter why or what, the novice was wrong. Uncle Sam is still being raked across the grid, and now all our information comes from the local press.

Fr. Bede Chang is now in Wuki since, like Mary and Joseph, Fr. Caspar and Sisters Lucy and Carita have come up here to be enrolled. Fr. John Nien has been thrown in jail at Ankiang. The why of it has not yet come to us.

The heat is really on these days and touching the Church as such. Groups of Christians are gathered by the Reds and each one called upon to step forward and tell what is known of our faults and failings. Mass hysteria and fear being used to force all kinds of statements which are readily recorded. The joke is that our registration for residence permits is *for our protection*; we can make a fair guess as to what *protection* will be given us! 'Tis the very same throughout the diocese. The anti-phones of Advent certainly express our sentiments this year. But there is nothing new when it comes to diabolical procedures—'tis as old as Lucifer.

Father Raphael continues to hold his own. Some days he is better than on others. His appetite improves and the pain in his head is not so severe. With everyone on call to go up the street for more questioning, it is a job to have one of us with him at all times. We do manage it, though it is a strain on Sisters Finan and Anna Maria, who are his steady day and night nurses. The other Sisters and ourselves fill in the hiatuses.

We all appreciate your little tidbits telling us what is going on. In fact, except from an occasional letter from the brethren at home, you are our only eyes and ears. Keep up the good work.

From Fr. Quentin Olwell, C.P.

THINGS are getting tougher in every way. But things always get worse before they get better, so possibly the pressure will ease up. Father Francis here with me, but is due to leave for Supu on the sixteenth. Sister Juventia

Voices from China

passed through town. She came to the mission for a visit of ten short minutes. I was scolded for not making a report of her visit! Mission towns on the main stem seem to be in line for all the pressure. Yuanling is worst of all. Perplexing is the over-all picture. Certainly it isn't too bright. However, with trust and confidence in God, His peace eventually will come to all. Father Antoine and I keep fine. Kept a bit on edge by this and that, but still lots to be thankful for.

From Fr. Cyprian Leonard, C.P.

SISTER Juventia arrived in Yuanling last night. She is due here within a few days. The head turkey gobbler of Chihkiang is all fluffed up. He has threatened to throw her in jail when she arrives. Yuanling police ordered her to leave immediately. Propaganda is still in full swing. They accuse us of working against them and for the U.S. They have tried threats and also promises on Joe Lung, our catechist, in an effort to force him to offer information discrediting us. But Joe will not lie. The school mistress has also had to take a lot because she refuses to turn against us. God and His holy Mother protect and assist us. Keep us in your prayers; need them this moment more than ever. Looks as if the shadows are beginning to lengthen as eventide approaches.

From Fr. William Westhoven, C.P.

SISTER Juventia finally arrived on the 11th. Immediately reporting to the authorities, she was detained in a



We are God's beloved children

hotel. She was ordered to go back to Canton because she returned here without the permission of the local boss, though she did have travel papers, and so on. She's off again this morning by bus. Her wound is giving her some trouble. Possibly, at Yuanling, they will be able to arrange some rest for her.

Mercury in the thermometer steadily rising. We know not how much longer we'll be here or in contact with you. I suppose letters to you are few indeed these days—not much incentive to write and then one cannot explain. Ask our good friends really to step up their prayers for us.

On the seventeenth, a group of Christians got their heads together, and a few of the literati (??) swung a deal of asking for the repatriation of all of us foreigners. They say they want an *independent Church*. The parade was led by Liu Lazarus, Chang Luke, Lung Joe. And your name, Maloney, was put right on the table because you refused to give Luke money to go to school way back in 1931. Imagine it! Very same sort of thing happened in Yuanling the very same day. So we know not what is going to happen from day to day. Some of us may be blowing in on you without notice any day. Do not be too greatly surprised if it should happen.

From Fr. Basil Bauer, C.P.

SCHOOL here goes on as usual and our night school still functions. Usually there are about fifty, though some are irregular because they must attend to business, or go marketing. We, now and then, but only seldom, conduct a short meeting in the mission, but the classrooms serve for that purpose.

I leave for Yungshun tomorrow. Have no idea how long I shall be gone. All of us have received notices to report for registration. I am well.

From Fr. Lawrence Mullin, C.P.

DON'T know how to begin to tell you all that we have been going through this past week. It's like unto Saint Joseph and Our Blessed Lady going down to Bethlehem to be enrolled. So with it all, we keep that in mind and don't lose the spirit of the Christmas season. Word was sent down from the local police last week to have Father Caspar and the two Sisters come from Wuki for enrollment by the foreign

registration department. Then the fun began.

I'm not going to pull any punches in this account. If this gets through it will be a miracle; if it doesn't, then my new address will be the county jail. If it does get through, you will have some idea of what a happy life we all lead under the aegis of *Uncle Joey*.

We were all summoned to the police station last Tuesday—passports in hand, five photos, our local police registration card, and \$15,000 local money. Five forms were imparted to be filled out and handed in. We were then asked our parents' names, when we came to China, why, how long we had been in China, our present telephone number, amount of monthly salary, what we all owned in and out of China, name of our society (Passionist,) how many guns, their serial numbers, how many cameras, their serial numbers also, quantity of radio sets, their serial numbers, how many broadcasting and receiving sets, and how many telegraphy outfits or any parts thereof, (there were five additional sheets we had to sign saying we agreed to stiff punishment in jail if we lied concerning these matters), who sent us to China, and how many times did we leave and enter China.

The next day I was the first to complete the forms, so took them down only to get an immediate bawling out for not filling them in properly. They demanded why, if I had not understood the previous day's questions, I had not asked for explanations. So I replied I would not leave this time till I fully understood the needed corrections, whereupon they got huffy and threw me out. I returned to the mission and told the others what corrections were needed. By the time I corrected mine the station was closed, so I brought them down the following day only to land on the carpet again for not having brought them sooner. All five of us received the same tongue-lashing, so I didn't mind so much. The Holy Ghost has been good to me these days, making me keep my hands in my pockets and my mouth shut. The next day, starting with the Bishop, we were interviewed individually; this time they were very polite; even had an interpreter. All the questions concerned us as individuals. The mission property is listed practically weekly. I was asked my life history in detail, what my father, mother, brothers and sisters did, their names, who wrote to me, how often, did I register in the draft, is there Compulsory Military Training in the U. S., are priests in the army, etc., etc., where did I travel in China, to whom did I speak, what did I say, did I know any officials, whether U. S. or Chinese, on and on and on for about two hours of chin music.

I got off easily as I have not been in China long and came immediately after completing my studies, but others had to go home and write the history of their lives in and out of China, acquaintances and their names. Father Linus, Yuanling procurator, must make various lists showing how much he spends for each of us on food, and so on; not a general list, but itemized. Terrific! And Sister Patricia and Father Raphael had to be examined by the Communist doctor to prove that they were unable to visit the station for questioning. We already lost track of the number of visits to the police station. Even Sister Scholastica, over sixty, superior of Hungarian Sisters, had to hobble down to the station for questioning; a fall a few months ago has



They are worth every sacrifice

kept her almost bedridden. The end is not yet; so keep us in your prayers, but do not worry about us; the Lord is taking care of us quite well. Prayers in the Breviary and in the Mass for Advent never struck me so forcibly as during these days.

They demanded that Bishop prove he was the Bishop of Yuanling. Yesterday, the cable from Rome sent by the Provincial through you arrived, and did just that. Good to know that everyone is on the ball behind us. Father Caspar, Sisters Carita and Lucy returned to Wuki today after being well searched at the bus station. They did get back their passports but no registration certificates. Pray for our Christians; they are getting the works.

From Fr. Ronald Beaton, C.P.

THE long night of news seems to have set in. I have written several letters to Yungshun but they evidently did not arrive. In Yungshun recently they were invited to leave, but of course, they were not being forced out. The buildings are being taken over and they can only stand by and watch. Only mission help attend Mass though a few from the

outside come on Sundays. No, we do not see a silver lining, though right here in Yungshun things are a lot better.

From Fr. John Baptist Maye, C.P.

WE ARE out of the church again, this time for about two weeks. Preparations for Christmas are going on upstairs in our cramped quarters but we don't mind it too much. Someone said it is truly possible to get used to most anything in time. A Protestant minister in our town is very much restricted; allowed out not at all. He made quite a fuss over it but did not get to first base; in fact, he hit into a double play. We are still free to roam about the city and even to get out to the hills for a short hike occasionally. But no more contact with the people is allowed us. Moreover, all telephone conversation must be in Chinese.

In spite of the uncertainties of the past year there is a wonderful spirit among us. And letters—what if they are newsless—they are still lots of fun. The squeeze has been jamming us tighter and tighter. But at this very moment it looks as if they may be getting ready to move out of the rectory. If this happens it really will give us something to wonder about.

Nobody knows what is going on, least of all themselves. Everyone a law unto himself, or lawless, depending on the way you look at it. But through it all, we have had the grace of the good Lord and that enabled us to laugh when things were not at all funny. Numbers of people are being killed and, unfortunately, there will be many more.

From Fr. Justin Garvey, C.P.

THESE have been trying days for all of us, with the result that I have not written home in several months. Were I able to drop in on you I could give you a few eye openers. Till then, ask all to keep praying for the missions, and also for the personnel. All have reached the stage of a complete trust in Providence—our only hope.

The hospital here is going through a terrific siege. We can merely hope from day to day. The time of the long-range views is over. If successful in surviving the problems of each day, we consider ourselves lucky. It is like holding the fort, not knowing when it will all be over.

However, so much for the lugubrious on Christmas. We still have the spiritual side of things and, because of that, we are not down. We are looking forward to enjoyment of the Feast, at least interiorly. Forbidden will be the many external festivities. The Mass is scheduled for six o'clock on Christmas Eve. We hope for a turnout that will inspire us and give much honor and glory to God.

THE Revolving door

Once part of an amusing game, it was now a wheel of fortune on which they staked their happiness by **LESLIE GORDON BARNARD**

When he saw Fran's compact little figure ahead of him in the revolving door, the bright plume in her hat, the fair tendrils of hair at the nape of her neck. Eddie was almost tempted to throw in the sponge. *Pad-pad-swish* went the door, and they were in, exchanging the twilight street for the half-smoky interior of Giuseppe's restaurant.

Giuseppe left the cash desk over which he was presiding at the moment, menu in hand.

"Evening, signor, signorinal"

"Hi, Giuseppe," Eddie said.

As they threaded past the few red-and-white-checked tables to a cubicle, somebody put a coin in and there was music.

Just the same as always, Eddie thought; everything the same—except us.

Giuseppe spread a menu, signaled a waiter, and left them. After they were served he returned, gazing reproachfully at their scarcely touched plates.

"Anything wrong?"

"Not with the food," Eddie told him.

"Ah!" Giuseppe breathed; behind Fran's back his eyes said eloquently, "Women? Who ever knows?" With a final lift of his shoulders he drifted away.

Pad-pad-swish, went the door. Eddie thought grimly how sometimes when they had to wait for a table he and Fran had made a time-passing game of that, pitting the customers in against the customers out in a given time.

No games today, Eddie thought.

"Now, look Fran," he said.

"It's no use," Fran said, her mouth tight. "I won't be pushed into things."

"Who's pushing you?" Eddie demanded. . . .

Well, maybe he had. It had all seemed clear and sane to him. "If you want the chance it's yours," the boss had said. "We'll make it worth your while, Eddie. And it's good country up north there. Planning to get married, aren't you?"

The right girl would love it up there." Maybe that was only a selling argument, but Eddie saw them flying in, getting a roomy, comfortable house in the little pulp town. He saw himself in a fishing punt teaching Fran the art of fly casting. They'd get some gunning in the fall. And skiing at your door in winter.

Times, here in the city, he'd wondered what it all added up to. He could picture Fran and himself moving progressively into better apartments, if they could get them; but it would be the same old round: people who got to think mainly in terms of cards and cocktails, of night spots and eventually the psychiatrist's office. The women needing more and more beauty aids to take up the sag; the men getting paunchy, trying to live on a youth that was going. This was an escape; if they came back later something new would be in them.

It was all so crystal in his mind he'd dumped it in her lap, cold.

"I've got to make a quick decision," he'd told her. "Look, Fran, let's get married and go."

"Now wait," Fran said.

He should have had proper patience with her arguments against it; instead, frustrated by any suggestion of opposition, he'd said, "Of course, if you don't think enough of me to go where I have to go . . ."

And Fran had cut across sharply, "Do you *have* to?" And he had said, "Well, it's a chance, isn't it? Something out of the rut. Maybe you like ruts," he'd said. No way to talk to a girl like Fran. . . .

From the cash desk Giuseppe was watching. Eddie gave him a weak grin.

"What's funny?" Fran asked.

"Nothing."

"You were smiling."

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD, former President of the Canadian Author's Association, has published short stories in various magazines in the U. S., Great Britain, and Canada.

"So what? Can't I give Giuseppe a smile? He's a good guy."

Fran said, "We'd have to leave—all this."

"Yeah," Eddie nodded, but he was smelling the woods and the water.

"And Mada and Buddy and all the crowd."

"We could fly out occasionally and catch up with them all. You could have some of 'em up now and then. Some of them need a sniff of the woods."

"Are you criticizing my friends?"

"Our friends," Eddie corrected her; he wanted to say more but held back.

"Now what are you thinking about?" Fran demanded.

"About ruts," Eddie said, adding, "And wild geese. A guy I knew once saw them flying at night. He lay in a windbreak and saw them come over tree-high in the moonlight. He said he never forgot it."

"What kind of talk is that?" Fran said, but her voice changed a little; her eyes had a haunted look, a lonesome look that disturbed him, so that impulsively he said, "See here, kid, let's just forget the whole thing. All that matters is you and me. If it's got to be the city—okay."

"You—mean that? Honest, Eddie?"

He thought, you'll never know, kid, what it cost to make your eyes light up that way. Good-by to the new life, good-by to the trout streams, and lakes with the colors flaming and the pop of a fly-questing fish sending ripples; good-by to the silver moonlight and the wild geese flying. It was like a knife in his side, but there was some healing in Fran's glance. That happiness he had put there. . . .

At the desk, Giuseppe, misunderstanding, raised a brief handgrip, like a fighter acknowledging a victory.

Fran said, "No, Eddie. I can't take it that way. You want this too much. Later it wouldn't work out. You'd hold

it up to me that I'd spoiled your chance."

"Not me," Eddie promised.

"Then I'd hold it against myself." Fran leaned toward him. "It's fifty-fifty with us. It's got to be that way, Eddie. Let's get it over with. Let's just toss for it."

A sick excitement made the pit of his stomach feel cold. This was all wrong, he thought, but he clung to this straw she had held out to him. Don't count on anything, he told himself. Fran always had the darnedest luck. He reached in his pocket, and withdrew his hand.

"You any change?"

"No," Fran said, looking.

He said he'd get it at the desk, but Fran said, "Wait," and nodded toward

the revolving door. Eddie sat down again as if he had stiff joints.

"In or out?" Fran offered.

"Out," Eddie said, not thinking, just saying it.

Each customer going out would now count one for Eddie; each customer in, one for Fran. That was how you played it.

Fran glanced at the clock above Giuseppe's head. "How long?" she asked.

"Make it quick," Eddie said.

"Five minutes?"

Too long, he thought, but he said, "Okay. Starting now."

A man got up and went out and Eddie counted "One." A couple entered and Fran said, "Two in. That makes me one up." The stout woman at the

second table fumbled for a tip, paid at the desk, and waddled out, and Eddie said, solemnly, "That makes us even." *Pad-pad-swish*; in, out; out, in. So it went. Eddie ahead. Fran ahead. And Eddie thought again, this is all wrong. Crazy. Goofy. All our future hangs on that door. He heard Fran announcing, "Thirty seconds to go, and I'm two up." Then two youths shambled out and Eddie grinned faintly, like a puncher coming back in a hard round.

"Time," Fran said.

Eddie expelled breath painfully. "It's a draw," he said. He closed his eyes and saw wild geese flying. He saw Fran and himself in the autumn woods, the white silences, the green miracle of spring, (Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Eddie expelled breath painfully. "It's a draw," he said





In "The Great Escape," Everett Sloane is one of seventy-six airmen who tunneled their way out of a Nazi prison camp in 1944

Radio *and* TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Hear It Now

(Friday, CBS, 9:00 to 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

A whole new phase of radio news reporting is now in the process of exploration and development, and the key that opened the door to it is strange in size and shape. It is a roll of cellulose tape bearing magnetized iron filings. It is the key to the magic of tape recording.

Up to the present, the major device used to give a news show immediacy, actuality, and authenticity was the introduction of sequences coming by wire or air from remote sources. This is still a sound procedure. However, the many variable technical factors in using "remotes" and the possibility of their going awry have often added a companion ulcer to many a director's first occupational item of that type. High-fidelity tape recordings of voices that make the news, when and where it is made, are now being used extensively to give zest to radio news reporting. The tapes are brought to a key broadcasting center—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—by train, by plane, by car, or else they can

be sent over the network line in advance of broadcast. Skillful editors tailor them so that the meaty morsels can be used individually or spliced together. The result, as far as effective broadcasting is concerned, makes for more wheat and less chaff.

HEAR IT NOW, the one-hour weekly CBS summary of news highlights, is a near-masterpiece of both tape editing and good continuity writing. It has two predecessors in the field,—one, *Voices and Events*, a half-hour weekly program on NBC, previously reviewed with enthusiasm in these columns, and the other, *Mutual Newsreel*, an ambitious five-nights-a-week program on the Mutual Broadcasting System. It is far from easy to put a show like this together every night and get a consistently smooth product. Mutual does a fairly good job, considering the difficulties, but the slower brewing of both *Voices and Events* and *Hear It Now* produces a more palatable and more memorable concoction.

The voice that strings the tapes together on *Hear It Now* is that of one of the most distinguished of radio news journalists, Edward R. Murrow. It is a voice with dignity, authority, and on appropriate occasions, much tongue-in-cheek humor. It came to you during the war with the opening words, "This . . . is London." And it comes to you Monday through Friday on CBS at 7:45 PM, EST, with the announcement, "This . . . is the news."

At first on *Hear It Now*, in spite of the excellence of his continuity and his delivery, there was too much Murrow. Now, more stress has been placed on the tape recordings themselves in which the real drama is inherent—the voice of General Eisenhower in London explaining the purpose of his return to Europe, the voice of Charles Wilson examining the necessity of imposing price controls, and the voices of average citizens interviewed around the country, indicating their reaction to the idea of price controls, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking again the stirring words of his famous dissent through the voice of actor Louis Calhern, and the voice of the lady in Brooklyn whose corset stays stopped a purse-snatcher's bullet. Famous or previously unknown, it is the voice of the citizen speaking his piece that gives vitality and impact to this stimulating program.

Hear It Now, with its hour-long elbow room, has a special feature which gives it opportunity to go in for a little essay writing. For eight or ten minutes near the end of each program, there is a detailed look, again largely via tape recording, at some American or at some aspect of American life. There is a wide range in these pieces—the life of General Douglas MacArthur, the routine of living in Peoria, Illinois, the story of that greatest of medical mysteries, the common cold.

The chances are that you will enjoy *Hear It Now*. It is a well-balanced summary of the news of the week, with frequent light, human touches to relieve the gravity of the international news. And most important, Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly, the producers, are trying constantly to improve their product for your listening information and enjoyment.

Nightmares a la Television

Just be happy that you don't produce television dramas!

A recent production on the Philco Television Playhouse on NBC told the story of *The Great Escape*, the story of how seventy-six British and American airmen tunneled their way from Stalag Luft III in 1944. Here is what had to be done in order to present the proper stage effects:

The barracks room (where the underground trap door was located) was built 10 feet above the studio floor in NBC's 8G, with the room's rafters resting just below the 17-foot-high studio ceiling.

A 6-foot vertical shaft was constructed, leading from the barracks room to the horizontal tunnel below, to simulate the 30-foot one used by the Allied PW's in Silesia.

To support the weight of this off-the-floor construction, the players, and the props, 1000 cubic feet of support platforming was needed.

The winter setting of the story required 1,200 cubic feet of snow—made up of the little, round bits of paper left over when the holes are cut in loose-leaf notebook paper, bleached corn flakes, commercial confetti, and mica, which glitters like ice. Dampened salt made the snow spots on the uniforms of the airmen.

In lieu of the four tons of earth originally requisitioned for the show, which would have been a severe load in weight as well as size, a mixture of tan-bark, cork, and sandy dirt was used.

And the barbed wire needed—a scarce item in New York—had to be procured by writing to a mail-order house which specializes in farm equipment!

The Triumphant Hour

This is the Easter broadcast which the Mutual Broadcasting System has carried in past years. At the time we go to press, Mutual has not yet completed its plans for this year's program, but the chances are that it will be heard as usual sometime on Easter Sunday afternoon. Watch your local newspapers for the announcement. And after you have heard the hour-long show in which some of your favorite Hollywood stars will give clear evidence of their faith, be sure to do *your* part in making the broadcast a success. Let the Mutual Broadcasting System know how much this fine public service program meant to your family and you. Write to Mr. William H. Fineshriber, Director, Program Department, Mutual Broadcasting System, New York 18, N. Y. Don't underestimate the power of your letter. It will be read and it will be appreciated, and it will help to insure the further use of the air for fine programs such as this.

And for the Musically-minded . . .

THIS IS EUROPE is the title of an unusual series on the Mutual Broadcasting System (Monday—10:30—11:00 P.M., E.S.T.) featuring European musical artists distinguished on their own continent but, thus far, generally unfamiliar to American audiences. The programs are transcribed in Europe or broadcast from there by short wave and relayed in this country over MBS.

A spiritual thought for the month



Risen Light

by **WALTER FARRELL, O.P.**

ON THE first Holy Saturday, Mary of Nazareth was a lonely, middle-aged woman in a house that was not her home, in a city that was not hers, in a world that had been drained to utter emptiness the day before. Her years of daily work under the handicaps imposed by poverty had taken their toll of her youth; through Thursday and Friday of that week she had weathered a storm of agony violent enough to break her heart and shatter her reason. Her only Son, who was God, had been lifted up, with complete injustice, to the peak of physical suffering and brutal death that His friends might live.

Easter morning was just ahead of her: she had heard her Son foretell it, and she knew it to be sure. In the morning she would see her Son again, glorious and immortal; and His appearance would awaken a resounding echo in her own heart—she, too, in her time would rise to live forever with Him.

Hers are the eyes through which we see the resurrection of Our Lord; to us, as to her, His resurrection is a sunrise dissipating the darkness of death, renewing and refurbishing the brightness of life to a resplendency beyond hope's most sparkling efforts. Thus it appeared to Magdalen, as she blinked away her tears to see that there was nothing to see in the dawn of that morning; to John, who had watched Him die and had taken His mother as his very own; and to the frightened and doubting disciples.

To all these, His friends, the resurrection was a new sun in the heavens turning the night of death into eternal day. "*Lux orta est justo*," a light has risen for the just man. But are these the only eyes that looked out on the world and on life that first Easter morning?

That Easter day dawned too on the envy and hatred of the chiefs of the Jewish people, the victors who had shouted in mockery under His cross. The light of that morning streamed down on Pilate and threw his compromising cowardice into stark relief again. The mob who had demanded the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus, who had exulted in His flowing blood and then crept to their homes in terror, beat-

ing their breasts, these too awoke to that Easter morning; and the soldiers who had callously watched Him die, knowing the injustice of this good man's death.

Did the resurrection of Jesus Christ, with its divine assurance of the ultimate resurrection of every man, fill their lives with the fresh beauty and exuberant vitality of a spring morning? "*Lux orta est justo*," the light has risen for the just; not for the unjust.

The bright glory of Easter is not a gift given as impartially as sunshine and rain; it is not an automatic climax to life. Every man will rise again from the dead to live immortally in the same body in which he now meets the dawning day. That resurrection can as truly be the beginning of an eternal night as of an eternal morning. For everyone, the resurrection is a refutation of the tomb as an end, whether of light or of darkness; for everyone, that risen life will be an intensification of the brightness or darkness of the life that has preceded it.

For Mary and those who have followed her heart, for Magdalen and those who know the salty taste of tears, for John and his imitators in loyalty, for the thief and those who put their feet on the road of repentance, for the disciples and the weak men of every age who are yet strong enough to accept help, for such the story is plain. They rise to love that is unshackled of the bonds of earth, free, full, flaming; to a cleanliness of resplendent clarity beyond all sully and the strong maturity of virtue, to truth's crystal illumination, to goals eternally achieved, to an embrace of truth and love that is absorbing activity for all of eternity. "*Lux orta est justo*."

The unjust brings to the tomb the darkness that is the opposite of all these components of the brightness of life: deceit, hatred, vileness, weakness, despair. All are deepened to an eternal blackness.

The resurrection is a truth for brave men who are humble and who lean heavily on the mercy of God. It is a triumph climaxing an issue always in doubt until death enfolded a man. It is brightness, glory, the fullest answer to the most demanding heart—for the just.

Books

THE RIDDLE OF MacARTHUR

By John Gunther.

240 pages.

Harper & Bros.

\$2.75

How much temptation Mr. Gunther overcame in avoiding "Inside" in his title is his own secret, but the reader will not be fooled. For this book is in the "Inside" manner—a top-drawer reportorial job that brings together most of the important known facts about MacArthur and tells them with vividness and dispatch.



John Gunther

MacArthur is undoubtedly a contradictory and puzzling personality. He is, according to Gunther, vainglorious and egotistical, brilliant and masterful, intuitive and obtuse, loyal to his friends, yet a man of few intimate associations. He lives in splendor, but his habits are simple; his public appearances are theatrical, yet he can be shy and winning in private. As a general he has often been a genius, but he has made mistakes at times that are amateurish. As a political thinker he would put himself to the right of center, yet many of his Occupation reforms have given the once feudal Japanese economy a New Dealish tinge.

Gunther reports all sides, without solving the riddle he states. He tells what the General's critics have to say, and he balances that with what the advocates say in reply. On his own Gunther makes few judgments, nor is he inclined to question the Occupation's own estimate of what it has done for Japan. In fact the book is at its weakest in reporting (at least outside of Tokyo) on the bold experiment of remaking Japan into an image of democracy. This aside, Gunther has written a thorough and apparently objective account of MacArthur and his vast responsibilities, for all to ponder.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

GUARDIAN HEART

By Elizabeth Yates.

306 pages.

Coward-McCann, Inc.

\$3.00

Honesty may not be the sole qualification for a work of art, but surely none ever was produced without it. Here, then, is an honest book, and if, indeed, it has little else to recommend it, still

by that very virtue it commands respect.

A simple tale born of a simple faith, this is the story of a New England girl whose boundless love centered on the beauties of her native hill country until, guided by the kindly teachings of her minister grandfather, she grew into womanhood through learning to share that love with others.

There are times when Freely Simon, boundless love and all, may seem just too good to be true, and you may feel occasionally that such other characters as her fiancé, Philip, and his mother, Mrs. Haven, never quite "come off." As to Miss Yates' style, it is at best uneven, ranging all the way from the quietly compelling to the downright cloying.

Yet there's no denying that in many of its descriptive passages this prose is moving and vivid, with an inner strength hardly possible outside the realm of genuine faith. Here the reader glimpses no manufactured love of nature and mankind but what seems a deep and completely personal belief.

This is by no means a great book, and maybe it isn't even a good one. But it abounds in Christianity of the most basic sort, and it is unquestionably honest. If you are a demanding reader who expects much of an author in the way of technical excellence, you're apt to be bored. But if you value sincere craftsmanship for just what it is, you'll be glad you read the *Guardian Heart*.

CLARE POWERS.

HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD

By Kenneth Roberts.

310 pages.

Doubleday & Co.

\$3.00

This is an amazing book. It might well be called *A Study in Skepticism*. Kenneth Roberts is familiar to us as an outstanding American novelist, author of *Northwest Passage*, *Rabble in Arms*, *Arundel*, and many another stirring tale of earlier days. In this volume he discusses the facts about the divining or "dowsing" rod and its use in locating underground water. Henry Gross is a neighbor of his in Maine who has accomplished startling results by this means.

A dowsing rod is simply a flexible Y-shaped branch of hazel, maple, willow, or some other wood. When held by cer-

tain individuals, the rod will twist downward violently if there is water beneath the ground where he stands. The rod has also been used to locate subterranean oil, gold, iron, and various other substances.

That Henry Gross located ground water for many people in Maine may not surprise you. But when he does long distance "dowsing" and locates four "domes" of hidden water eight hundred miles away on the island of Bermuda by means of his rod, there is really cause for wonder! Yet Kenneth Roberts authenticates this feat with the fullest details.

Nobel Prize winner Charles Richet contributes a chapter seeking to explain this phenomenon, and an English woman, Evelyn Penrose, describes her fascinating experiences as official water-diviner in 1931 for the Government of British Columbia. This book is both capable and captivating. The divining rod may yet bring forth great wonders in the world.

HASTINGS BLAKE.

JUBEL'S CHILDREN

By Lenard Kaufman.

311 pages.

Random House.

\$3.00

This story of Jubel Watson and his four grown children, two sons and two daughters, covers the months immediately following his wife's sudden death. By arrangements made between themselves, Jubel



L. Kaufman

visits them one after the other, and so we get four tales held together by the lovable personality of the father whose salient qualities are a sincere simplicity and a love of his kin and kind. There is little or nothing dramatic either in Jubel or his children or the incidents that enliven the stories, but somehow one doesn't miss it in this well-told narrative. The effect of Jubel's visits on each member of his family, a mixed lot, humanly speaking, is to evoke in each child the desire or necessity to live up to the best that is in him or her. They are all fighting for a living in a world of which he, in his quiet little country town, has known little or nothing, but the key to it is supplied in each case by his sensitivity and desire to please.

While the whole treatment of the story makes for pleasant reading, one cannot help raising a skeptical eyebrow at times at the ease with which this seventy-four-year-old "hick" accommodates himself to the making of dry martinis, the sharp practice of a money-

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By R. Desplanques, S.J.

Translated by

Sister Maria Constance, S.C.H.

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mad salesman, the entertainment of the third party in a triangle that involves his daughter, even the bed-sharing with a would-be actor son in a New York basement apartment during a heat wave. In the end he is literally knocked out by the drunken husband of another daughter, but he survives and once again all his family rally round. They cannot bear to think of life without Pop.

Mr. Kaufman deserves well of the normal reader, for this is a thoroughly wholesome book written by a perceptive, competent, and engaging author—a welcome figure in a world temporarily obsessed by war, crime, and sex.

NORAH M. CORCORAN.

OLD HERBACEOUS

By Reginald Arkell.

160 pages.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

\$2.00

This is a gentle tale of a master craftsman—a gardener who worked out an honorable destiny with rake and hoe. His suffering is neither more nor less intense than most men's; his ending as happy as could be expected in the world turned upside down of postwar England.



R. Arkell

Herbert Pennager is an excellently conceived and maintained characterization. He is consistent and appealing from the time he was a little, limping village foundling, through his apprenticeship years, sway as village father, and self-reliant old age. But, and perhaps this is intentional, the subordinate people are shadowy. Only the flowers Pennager grows, and the love and thought he gives them, have reality like his own.

The novel's theme of "God Bless the Squire and His Relations and keep Us in Our Proper Stations" will naturally repel many. For those, too, who cannot tell a petunia from a cornflower, this is not the best book.

However, for readers who like novels in which honor, dignity, and mutual respect have still a place, or who enjoy brevity, vividness, and mild wit, descriptions of the English countryside and its changing seasons, *Old Herbaceous* should provide as much of a surprise and treat as were the strawberries he grew in April, and which played such a vital part in his estimable career.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER

By George Boyle.

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This fictionalized biography, convincingly told, of a quiet, modest man filled



This is Father X who wrote EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER (\$2.25)

an account of his first five years as a priest. Sorry we can't fill in his features, but he insists on remaining anonymous.

GUILT

by Caryl Chessler

Nowadays the whole world suffers from a feeling of guilt, says the author, and the evidence of it appears in different ways in different kinds of people. In saints and near-saints guilt is fruitful, in most others, destructive. She gives a wonderful series of studies of how it works in saints, neurotics and criminals. And of what to do about it in ourselves. **\$3.75**

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Well-Qualified

► The personnel director had majored in psychology and usually employed it in interviewing applicants. The manager of the firm was looking for a secretary and sent three applicants for interviews. When the interviews were concluded, the personnel director made his report.

"I asked the usual questions," he said, "and my findings are that the first girl is a good worker but lacks initiative; the second girl is equally capable but might be too domineering; the third girl has a normal amount of self-confidence and seems very competent. Now, which one shall I hire for you?"

The manager's response was prompt: "I'll take the blonde with the blue eyes!"

—Dorothy Brandt

with reverence for God and love for men will be an inspiration for the spread of the credit union movement.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN.

TITO AND GOLIATH

By Hamilton F. Armstrong. 312 pages.
The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

The theme of this book is that when thieves fall out honest men may profit. Mr. Armstrong, distinguished editor of *Foreign Affairs*, believes that the quarrel between Stalin and Tito offers this country and its allies the hope that world Communism does not possess the monolithic structure of which its adherents boast and that there are basic and far-reaching differences between the Russian Communists and their stooges in the satellite countries.



H. Armstrong

Starting with the break between the Yugoslav dictator and Stalin's Cominform, Mr. Armstrong cleverly traces the flaws in the Communist bedrock through all the captive countries of Eastern Europe. He finds that Stalin has good reason to fear the rise of Titoism or some similar "deviationism" in each of these countries, because all have been subjected to naked exploitation on behalf of the selfish interests of the Muscovites. Those non-Russian Communists, who may once have dreamed of an era of peace and prosperity for their countries under the beneficent guidance of the Russian Bolsheviks, have, by now, been rudely awakened by the stinging lashes of Stalin's slave overseers who are milking the satellites' industry and agriculture to satisfy the Kremlin's insatiable demands.

Therefore, Mr. Armstrong believes, since every Communist defection is a gain to the democratic camp, we must do our best to support Titoism where it has stood firm, as in Yugoslavia, and to encourage it where there are some signs of its stirring, as in Poland, China, and Eastern Germany, to name but three countries.

Mr. Armstrong who has been studying Eastern Europe at firsthand for thirty years, supports his thesis with well-reasoned arguments.

LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER.

WE OF NAGASAKI

By Takashi Nagai. 189 pages.
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By Anne Cawley Boardman

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pitiful result of all. He refrains from reproach, foresees no avenging retribution, and sadly remarks that failure to annihilate instantly an entire city has made this ghastly weapon less abhorred than it should be.

A bedridden invalid since 1948, living with his son and daughter in a hut on the site of their vanished home, Dr. Nagai suffers from chronic leukemia due to laboratory research, aggravated by war wounds. Author of eight works in Japanese, he is widely read by his countrymen, both as an eyewitness of the disaster and for his compassionate commentary. This book, the first native account translated for Western readers, gives a moving insight into his people's life and thought.

An assistant professor of radiology at the Medical School, he was only a quarter-mile distant from the explosion and took an active part in tending the injured. His wife Midori, a truly unforgettable character, was among the sixty thousand dead, and his children, aged four and ten at the time, give their accounts with a powerful simplicity of expression, as in John Hershey's *Hiroshima*. No less eloquent are others of the nine narrators, all Catholics, as were eight thousand of the slain. With these victims perished the largest cathedral in the Orient.

JOHN BLAKE.

THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE

By Arthur Mizener.

362 pages.

Houghton, Mifflin Co.

\$4.00

"It was a misery to them (his parents), too, that he hardly pretended to be a good Catholic any more. . . . Still, he had been brought up a Catholic, with all that means in the way of habitual convictions.



Arthur Mizener

. . . It is true that his unfaltering sense of life—and especially his own life—as a dramatic conflict between good and evil was cultivated, if not determined by his early training. . . ."

How Arthur Mizener, F. Scott Fitzgerald's biographer, can say that about the so-called Boswell of the Twenties in Chapter IV and go on to describe his subject in later chapters as variously a drunkard, an overbearing and selfish father, a not-too-faithful husband, a hellion lacking surface scruples or manners or morals, is beyond me.

It seems likely, as Mizener contends, that Fitzgerald's efforts, particularly *The Great Gatsby*, will contribute in later years to a better understanding of that hectic era we still call "The Roaring Twenties." He was a historian of his time—a frenetic, alcoholic, neurotic reporter who lived the stories he wrote. Had he practiced some degree of mod-

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(Please note Rule 6. Do not send entries to The Sign)

eration, had he accepted the influence of this early Catholic upbringing, had he understood that gin and riotous living were sucking vitality and strength from his really brilliant mind, he might have lived to become the great writer Mizener seems to think he was. After reading quite a bit of Fitzgerald and following it up with *The Far Side of Paradise*, I can't see that he'll be recognized as anything more than a contributor, surely never a creator.

THOMAS BERNARD.

POLICY FOR THE WEST

By Barbara Ward.
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Barbara Ward

sided grasp of the whole world position and her logical predictions of future trends. Even those, therefore, whose interests have kept them up to date on all these matters will still find much of value in her book. Not all will agree with her taking for granted that so large a measure of governmental planning is necessary, within individual nations and between them. Neither will all agree with her approval of many current American practices and her sometimes almost harsh disapproval of some current British ones. One will perhaps regret the lack of consideration of the part which might be played by South and Central America and Australia. But a book by such a brilliantly successful, well-informed, and intelligent Catholic certainly merits a high place on every Catholic reading list.

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K. Flannigan



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One day he filled a pan with fresh eggs and took it over to the new neighbors, saying he wished they would see that their hens laid their eggs at home. He repeated this performance a couple of times and then sent no more eggs.

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—Suzanne Marquie

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to have him pardoned, even to haunting the presiding judge until his health is affected.

She herself becomes completely blind. Unable to take care of her house and farm, she is evicted and sent to the workhouse, where she is shamefully treated. In spite of all, her hope is not lost. When she realizes she is ready for her death, she walks, alone and blind, the long miles to her farm to die in her garden. Then it is that another suspect is found and Honora works from beyond to accomplish what she could not in life.

The character of the Widow is beautifully developed. Here is sadness, peace in suffering, and the faith which can and does move mountains. Mrs. Flannigan's style is simple, uncluttered with extraneous descriptions. The reader will find the pace and the suspense of this unusual tale most dramatic. It is a hard book to put down before the last page.

PAULA BOWES.

MANY-COLORED FLEECE

By Sister Mariella Gable. 336 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

Lovers of adult short stories, who open this volume with "that unquenchable, bubbling zest" for reading, will have their delight sustained through the richness, variety, and entertainment presented. Moreover, the collection has been done in good taste; there is no sensational "literary slumming" here.

What a relief to be able to read successively twenty-four stories without once encountering that exhibitionistic "fiction of negation" which highlights the moral rottenness of chronic despair, naturalism, and cynicism for its own sake (notwithstanding the elegantly dishonest critical jargon which futilely attempts to rationalize such puerile, limited artistic displays). What a joy to have accessible in one compilation: the uncovering or exploring of so many realms of human experience, often three-dimensional in scope; reflective, sensitive, creative writing that is frequently moving and powerful and sometimes distinguished; an abundance of humor; genuineness of tone.

The compilation's selectivity exemplifies the anthologist's clear-headed artistic and spiritual integrity: her twin literary goals of realism and idealism. Her twenty-three-page Introduction, urbanely and discriminately argued, reveals her particular gifts: critical acumen, illumination, perspective, courage, professional fostering of maturing writers—all of which account for the book's being one of positive achievement and affirmation. But note her warning not to confuse this "progress" in Catholic fiction with final, full realization.

It requires a Chesterton to express the paradox of the sinlessness of this reviewer's envy of those readers who

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ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER.

A SAINT IN HYDE PARK

By E. A. Sideman.

159 pages.

Newman Press.

\$2.00

It is an extraordinary tribute to the great influence of the late Father Vincent McNabb that this book should have been written by a non-Catholic, and one of his most persistent critics. From his vantage point as one of the audience who for many years listened to the sermons of Father Vincent at the Catholic Guild meetings in Hyde Park, London, Mr. Sideman has given us an insight into the character of this almost legendary figure. The author's obvious respect and affection for the man are transmitted to the reader in a series of little sketches, dealing, for the most part, with the countless informal discourses of Father McNabb at these gatherings. Through them there is revealed a great perception of the character of this remarkable priest: his gentleness and yet his uncompromising adherence to his convictions; his sense of outrage at what he considered the moral turpitude of the times; his constant emphasis upon the simple and eternal values of life, and especially his sincere and kindly attitude toward those who took issue with his Faith.

The brevity of these little sketches leaves the reader with an unsatisfied appetite for a deeper revelation of the thoughts and feelings of Father Vincent. One wishes that the author might have dealt with fewer incidents, but in much greater detail. This very sketchiness somewhat impairs sustained interest in the book. Nevertheless, non-Catholics and Catholics alike, whether they are in sympathy with all of Father McNabb's precepts or not, are left with a vivid impression of the man's extraordinary personality, lucid mind, and sincere devotion to a life-long work of enlightenment.

ROBERT L. TIFFT.

ANTISEMITISM IN MODERN FRANCE

By Robert F. Byrnes.

348 pages.

Rutgers University Press.

\$5.00

This first of three volumes traces in scholarly but readable fashion the course of anti-Semitism in France leading up to the famous Dreyfus Affair of 1894. The author, Assistant Professor of History at Rutgers University, takes on one of the most complex problems of modern history, one that has baffled historian, sociologist, and psychologist alike.

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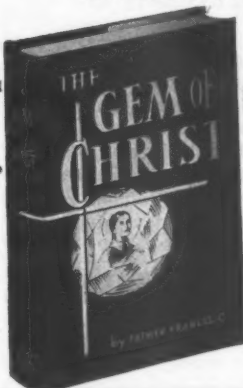
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history of France in the late nineteenth century can the significance of anti-Semitism be properly understood.

An otherwise careful and thoughtful analysis is marred, however, by a number of questionable assertions. This reviewer, for one, finds it difficult to agree that the Dreyfus Affair "was the most serious crisis modern democratic society faced between the Civil War in the United States and the rise of Communism and Fascism throughout Europe after the First World War." Nor was he aware that anti-Semitism "had been sponsored (in Poland) in the Middle Ages by the Catholic Church, which then feared Judaism as a rival religion. . . ." We fear that many of his readers will also object to the author's explanation of anti-Semitism without reference to the presence of the Jews themselves and solely in terms of the serious ills of society. To Dr. Byrnes, the scapegoat theory is sufficient; anti-Semitism is born in those groups that "refuse to accept the real issues and seek a simple, direct, quick 'solution'."

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

AMERICA'S COLONIAL EXPERIMENT

By Julius W. Pratt. 160 pages.
Prentice-Hall \$6.00

In his earlier books, *Expansionists of 1812* and *Expansionists of 1898*, Dr. Pratt gave monographic attention to the War of 1812 and the Spanish-American conflict as examples of American imperialism. Here, he traces in broader perspective the rise and decline of our colonialism, or, as he himself puts it, "How the United States gained, governed, and in part gave away a colonial empire."

Professor Pratt has consistently pointed out the importance of non-economic motives in American expan-

sion, and *America's Colonial Experiment* again illustrates his beliefs on that subject. He remarks that the United States experimented with imperialism "from a variety of motives—economic, strategic, and benevolent." The results of this policy were likewise mixed, both for the colonial possessions themselves and for the mother country. For instance, none of the American interventions in Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti, or Santo Domingo produced permanent political stability in those regions. From the point of view of our own national interest, such acquisitions as the Virgin Islands have been extremely expensive and almost useless except for a problematical strategic value.

All in all, despite the varying degrees of success which accompanied American expansionism, the author feels that there is "no reason why Americans should feel ashamed of their experiment in imperialism." Perhaps the chief drawbacks of our system were its haphazard nature and frequent inconsistency. Making allowance for these imperfections, one may, without undue chauvinism, wonder after reading Dr. Pratt's book what other nation has been more successful than the United States with its colonial empire.

HENRY L. ROFINOT.

THE SOVIET IMAGE OF THE UNITED STATES

By Frederick C. Barghoorn. 297 pages.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.00

This is the latest publication sponsored by the Yale Institute of International Studies. It is an analytical study of Soviet propaganda against the United States. Written by the Press Attaché of the American Embassy in Moscow during the 1942-1947 epoch, it has what most books on contemporary Russian subjects lack—firsthand knowledge backed up



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by an objective viewpoint. Well-documented, with all sources indexed or noted, Dr. Barghoorn has written a fine analysis of Soviet Russia's propaganda and propaganda techniques.

Briefly discussed are Russian and Soviet attitudes toward America prior to World War II; the wartime situation is dealt with in greater detail. There are chapters on the Kremlin's attitude about American foreign policy, war and peace, atomic weapons, and the present American domestic scene. Fortunately, most subjective speculation is well earmarked, and, while you might differ with some of the forward-looking conclusions, you can appreciate the factual premises on which they are based.

Aside from factual disclosures, this reader gained a better view of the contradictory mouthings of Russian diplomats. There is no main feature to Red propaganda. It appeals to the needs of the moment, and skillful men issue it. Political evil can be propagandized, but efforts to counteract it can be effective. This is an effective effort.

TOM HURLEY.

SHORT NOTICES

DANCING DIPLOMATS. By Hank and Dot Kelly. 254 pages. University of New Mexico Press. \$4.00. This book is a story of the domestic and social life of its authors, a history and partial report of the commercial and economic life of Inquitos, Peru, on the Upper Amazon. It was a Catholic Book Club selection.

In her prologue, Dorothy Kelly writes: "There was romance everywhere in Inquitos—even in the almost primitive struggle of it. We grew in the struggle and shared the romance. . . . We explored together the passionate story of rubber, the miracle of barbasco root, and the chew in Mr. Wrigley's chewing gum." There follows a narrative of diplomatic days and a record of the Peruvian countryside.

Written in the light modern manner, and crammed with travelogue and personal experience, it is a book which young couples and diplomacy-minded readers should enjoy.

THE SAINT ANDREW DAILY MISSAL. By Dom Gaspar Lefebvre, O.S.B. E. M. Lohmann Co. \$3.75 to \$21.00. This is a revision of the famous text which for the past twenty-five years has been making the Mass liturgy available to the great segment of the Catholic public which is unfamiliar with Latin. The designation "Saint Andrew" comes from the fact that Dom Gaspar is a Benedictine monk of the Abbey of St. André, in Bruges; and it was from there that his translation of the missal went forth to transform the liturgical habits of the laity.

This revision is offered in three different formats: the large edition containing the complete English and Latin text throughout, the regular edition containing the complete English text with the most important parts of the Latin text, and the four-volume set, each volume covering one of the great liturgical seasons. Prices depend on the quality of the paper and bindings.

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The Revolving Door

(Continued from page 63)

the deep, shade-haunted summer. He'd never wanted anything so much in his life—except Fran herself.

"Overtime?" Fran suggested. "Sudden death. First one in or out settles it."

If she could take it, he guessed he could.

"Yeah," he nodded. "Sudden death it is."

He glanced desperately around, but not a soul seemed bent on leaving.

Then he saw the man outside. He was reading the menu Giuseppe displayed in his window to attract the passers-by. If that guy comes in, Eddie thought, I'm beaten, and he willed him to go away; but the man, stopping to light a cigarette, had obviously decided to enter. Fran could see that, too.

"Well," Eddie said, "that tears it. I guess you win. Come on, let's get out of here."

Grimly he picked up the check and went over to pay Giuseppe at the cash desk, and as he pushed a bill toward Giuseppe he heard, with awful finality, the *pad-pad-swish* of the door. Giuseppe, his eyes again eloquent with man-to-man sympathy, said, "Hah, so she walks out on you?"

Eddie swung around. There was no Fran. Fran had gone out. And the man who had read the menu was just now coming in.

It took Eddie a moment to get it.

First one in or out settles it, he thought. Fran was the first one out. Fran herself.

Eddie gave a repressed "Yipee!" and the door flapped wildly as he dove for the street. Catching up with Fran he put his arms urgently about her. "Fran," he said, "Fran. You—you played your own game—to lose."

Fran leaned against Eddie's shoulder. She was crying a little, gently, happily. She said, "You can push a door around. Eddie, but not a woman. Maybe I wanted your wild geese, too. Or maybe I just wanted you, Eddie."

Giuseppe had come out to gaze curiously at them. Now, lifting his eyes to heaven as if protesting the creation of this unpredictable sex, he went back—*pad-pad-swish*—through his revolving door.

SHORT STORIES

by Bruce Marshall, Myles Connolly, Brassil Fitzgerald, Maura Lavery, Harry Sylvester, and other well-known writers will appear in forthcoming issues of THE SIGN.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

that score I have no argument—but he betrays a most alarming ignorance as to what is involved in the activity called "thinking." This is especially ironic, considering the admonition in the opening sentence of his letter directed at those who "glibly comment on something they know nothing about."

JOSEPH STABLES

Toronto, Ont.

People

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many thanks for the boost you gave me on page 37 of your December issue.

To date, the unsolicited returns have been gratifying. Many people have written me and asked how they can help.

A lady in Chicago wanted to help but she did not have my address. This didn't bother our zealous friend. She sent the package addressed to: Mr. Eugene O'Mara, Collector of Canceled Stamps, New York. To the package was affixed my picture which appeared on page 37 of the December issue.

The package reached my desk and gave a laugh to all who heard the story. It seems that a gal in the office has a Pa in the Post Office and the package reached him and he in turn forwarded it to me.

Thanks again for the lift.

GENE O'MARA

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Religion by Mail

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Psychiatry

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You are to be congratulated on the excellent article by Dr. John R. Cavanagh on the much misunderstood subject of psychiatry. It is surprising how little the lay public knows or cares to learn about human behavior and the inter-relationship of mental and physical health. This doctor's well-expressed paragraphs should be very enlightening to those who have had confused ideas.

In my several years of social work I have met and talked with many psychiatrists, none of them Catholic, but I have never had the feeling that there could be any conflict between psychiatry and religion. The two can work very well together, each supplementing the other.

Some religious people fear that the patient might be relieved of his feeling of guilt and therefore encouraged to commit sin. There is no danger of this. A sense of guilt in a patient does not always have its foundation in the fact of sin, (Dr. Cavanagh unfortunately did not make this point

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EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading your editorial on the very vital subject of separation of Church and State, I am asking you just why something is not done about bringing the truth to the front. Why, I repeat, why permit a few secularizers, shallow-minded bigots and atheists to rule the majority? Anyone with an iota of common sense knows that the natural law of man is to worship his God.

There is no question in my mind that if the first amendment were thoroughly read and assimilated the world today would not be plunged into such frantic madness and all this insecurity, uncertainty, and fearfulness that we find all about us. History reads that it has always been thus when God was kicked out. Now all this state of affairs we have and are asking for is the justice of a great Almighty. The Holy Bible reads: "If ye are not with Me, ye are against Me" and surely God being put out of the lives of our youth is against Him. Who, exactly who, is to blame for this? Surely not the youth who has been reared a religious illiterate and has no sane views of his obligations to his God.

The object of the first amendment was to obliterate religious strife, not to promote it. Why establish a second-class citizenship for a first-class people?

MRS. ELIZABETH HAGERTY

South Bend, Ind.

Adventist Literature

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A flood of American Adventist literature is poisoning our beautiful island. Old copies of THE SIGN are an excellent germicide. It cures cuts and bites, abrasions and stings. Other Catholic publications also will be welcome from your readers.

LEO KEVIN CLARK, O. P.

Grenada, B.W.I.

Letters

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While it is true that one may, on occasion, disagree with statements made or conclusions drawn in articles treating of political or economic matters, this fact does not justify the severely critical tone of some communications which have appeared in "Letters."

FRANK I. MORGAN

Lancaster, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have noticed a number of times that when a story or article hits home to some of your readers, they feel offended and are ready to quit your magazine, or they send you a bitter letter about the article which was to their dislike, instead of thanking you for that hard-hitting punch which was needed for their own good. Sometimes the truth does hurt but when we balance it out and find it is a help to us, we should accept it and be grateful.

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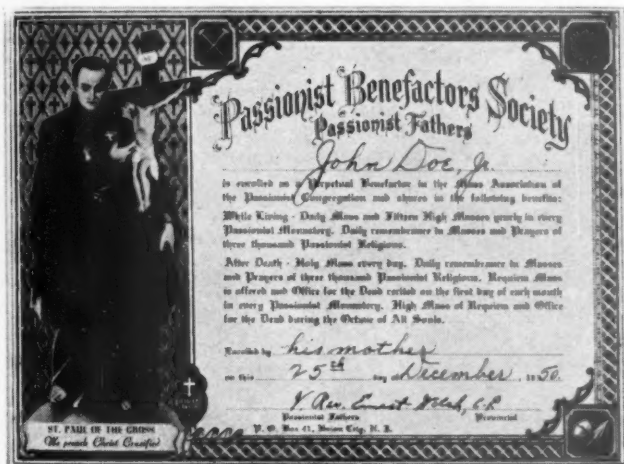


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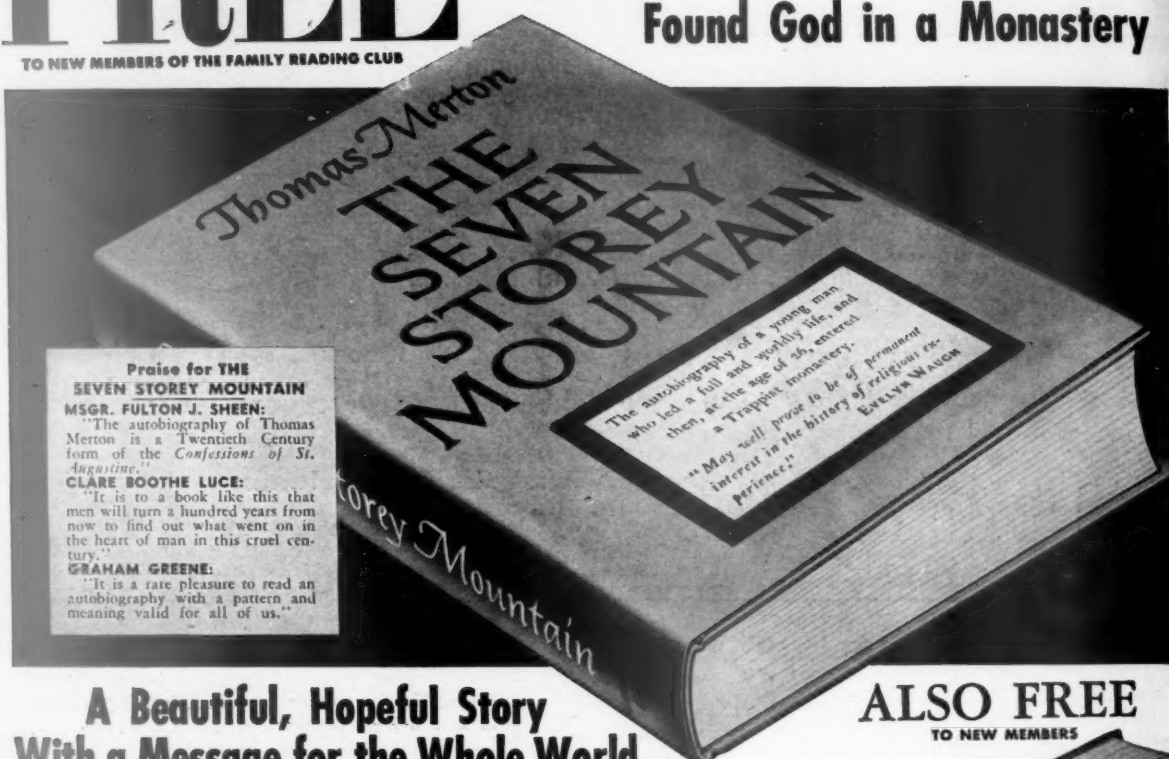
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